ZAP

Hockey

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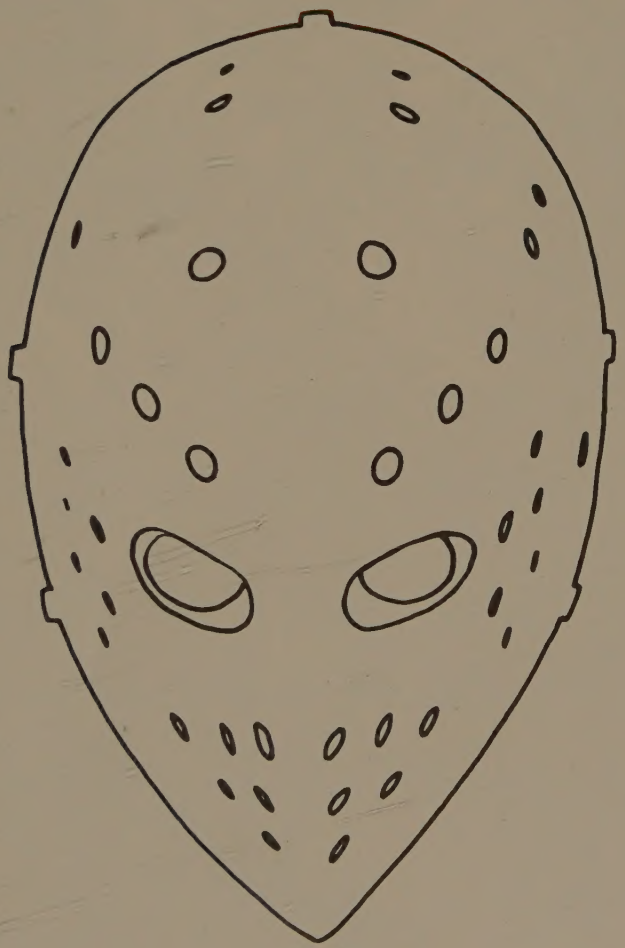
Hockey



Fitzhenry & Whiteside Limited

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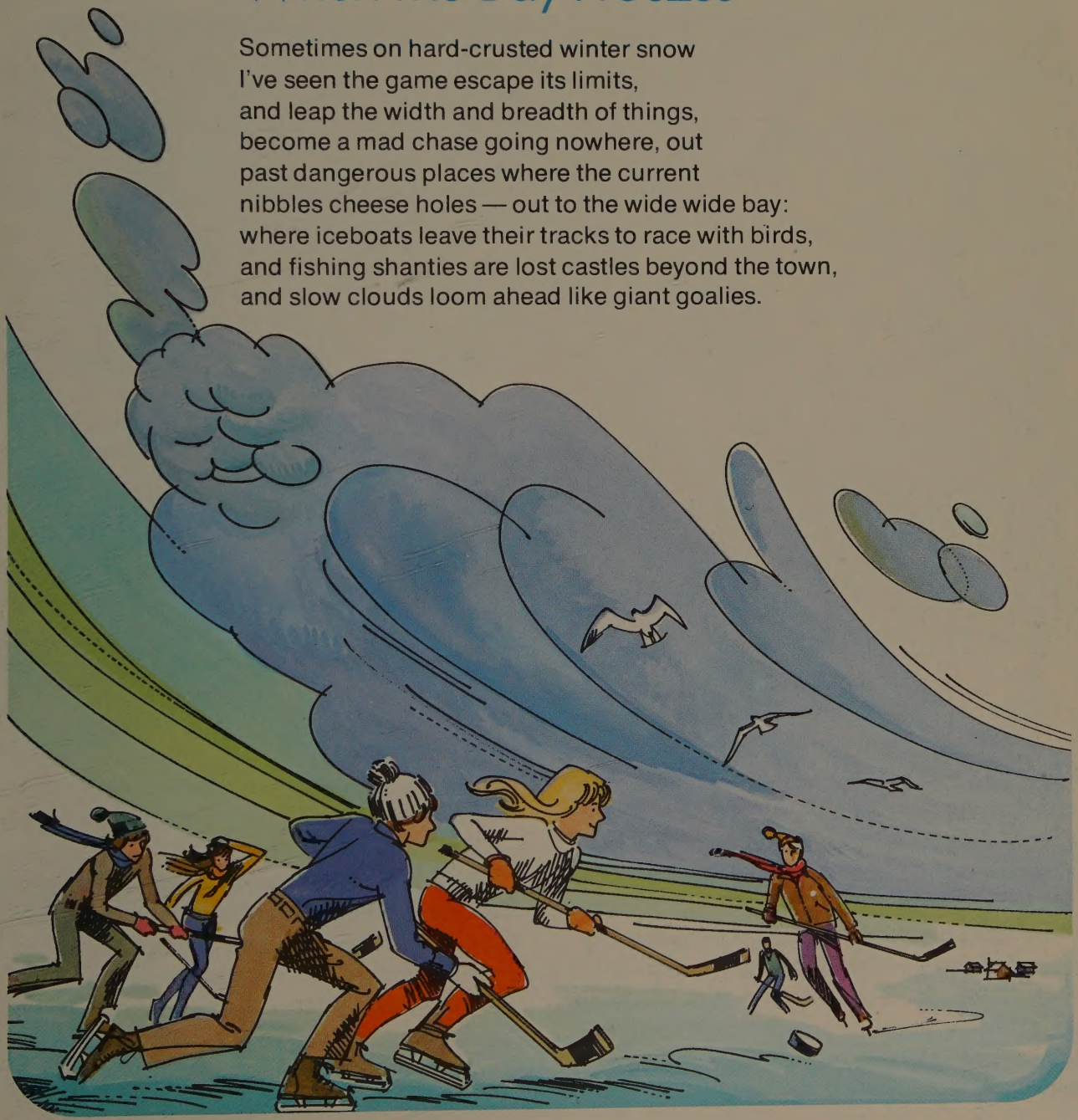
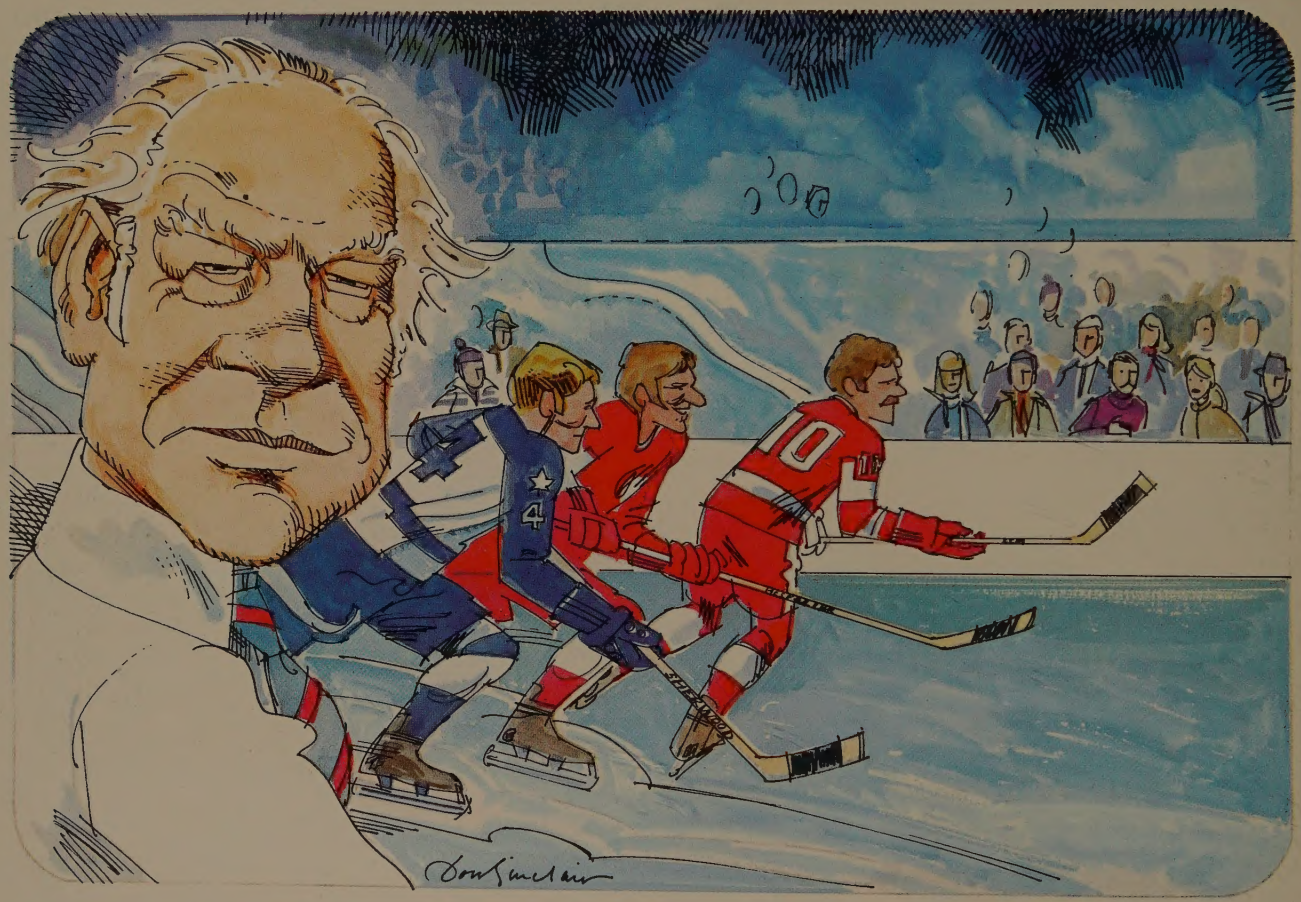
When The Bay Freezes

Sometimes on hard-crusted winter snow
I've seen the game escape its limits,
and leap the width and breadth of things,
become a mad chase going nowhere, out
past dangerous places where the current
nibbles cheese holes — out to the wide wide bay:
where iceboats leave their tracks to race with birds,
and fishing shanties are lost castles beyond the town,
and slow clouds loom ahead like giant goalies.



Al Purdy at the Gardens



I'm sitting in the gold seats near rinkside with sportswriter Dick Beddoes. Outside on the street, scalpers who hawk tickets at exorbitant prices to last-minute arrivals can't sell them for tonight's game. Inside, floodlights blaze down, hockey players wing back and forth in the pre-game warmup. Sixteen thousand people buzz conversation; the press gallery is crowded. "Caps are the worst team in hockey," Dick says, "at least the worst team in the National League. Leafs ought to win by six goals."

"What if they don't?"

"Don't ask!"

The players glide across the ice as easily and gracefully as swans, betraying no skills except skating. Some are in red Washington sweaters, others in Leafs' white and blue. And I think, watching this blaze of colour: nothing you see on television equals it, for this TV screen is wide as a city block, this noise is not electronic.

Early in the game, with the Leafs shorthanded from a penalty, Lanny McDonald gets a little too fancy stickhandling and loses the puck inside his own blueline. A Washington player picks it up and, BOOM, scores. 1-0 for the Caps. Here we go again! Leafs are on a three-week losing streak, and it looks like they're heading for four. "Doesn't matter," Dick says, "we'll get it back." (He has faith!)

The Leafs look bad. Their passing is lousy, Glennie is missing bodychecks, nobody can put two things together long enough not to add up to one. Jim McKenny, the Leafs' slick defenceman, is crashed into the boards, and I can see an expression of pain on his face the TV camera doesn't. He leaves the ice for repairs or rest. Kids' treble voices shriek, "Go Leafs Go! Go Leafs Go!" Hesitantly, sluggishly perhaps, the Leafs do start to go. They score. They score again. (The fans are ecstatic, they are all believers.) Darryl Sittler slides beautifully through the whole Washington team in the second period, and scores while upside-down in front of the net.

A scrimmage in front of the Leafs' goal: Doug Favell, the goalie, crashes painfully into the post, and squirms in non-phoney technicolour agony. He seems hurt when they help him off the ice. The game continues. In the end, we win — I mean, Leafs win — 7-1.

What symbolizes Canada to itself, the sort of thing known by most Canadians from one end of the country to the other? My list might include the CBC, the beaver, the Mounties, the maple leaf, two solitudes, John Diefenbaker — but certainly the game of hockey. There are more than 600,000

league players in Canada and by all odds this pastime of glorified shinny on ice is the one Canadians can be most passionate about.

Hockey as we know it began to evolve in Canada, at either Montreal or Kingston, some 120 years ago. Certain basic myths have developed. Cyclone Taylor, who once scored a goal skating backwards, Newsy Lalonde, Joe Malone, and many others are

part. So are those famous Leaf body thumpers, like Bucko McDonald, Bingo Kampman and Red Horner, bashers who hit so hard they sometimes broke their own or the other guy's suspenders. If they missed, spectators in the front row caught cold from the draft.

But the oldest myth is the success story: the big league scout combing the sticks for talent. Sitting in a smoky, small town rink, watching the local flash, he is watched in turn by the small town fans who are fascinated to see this representative of sudden riches and big cities smoking a cigar as if he were human. The young local flash signs a contract for much money, makes good and comes back to marry his childhood sweetheart. Sometimes the youngster's name turns out to be Bobby Hull, Gordie Howe, Maurice Richard, or Bobby Orr. We all knew it could happen, for the myth is based on reality.

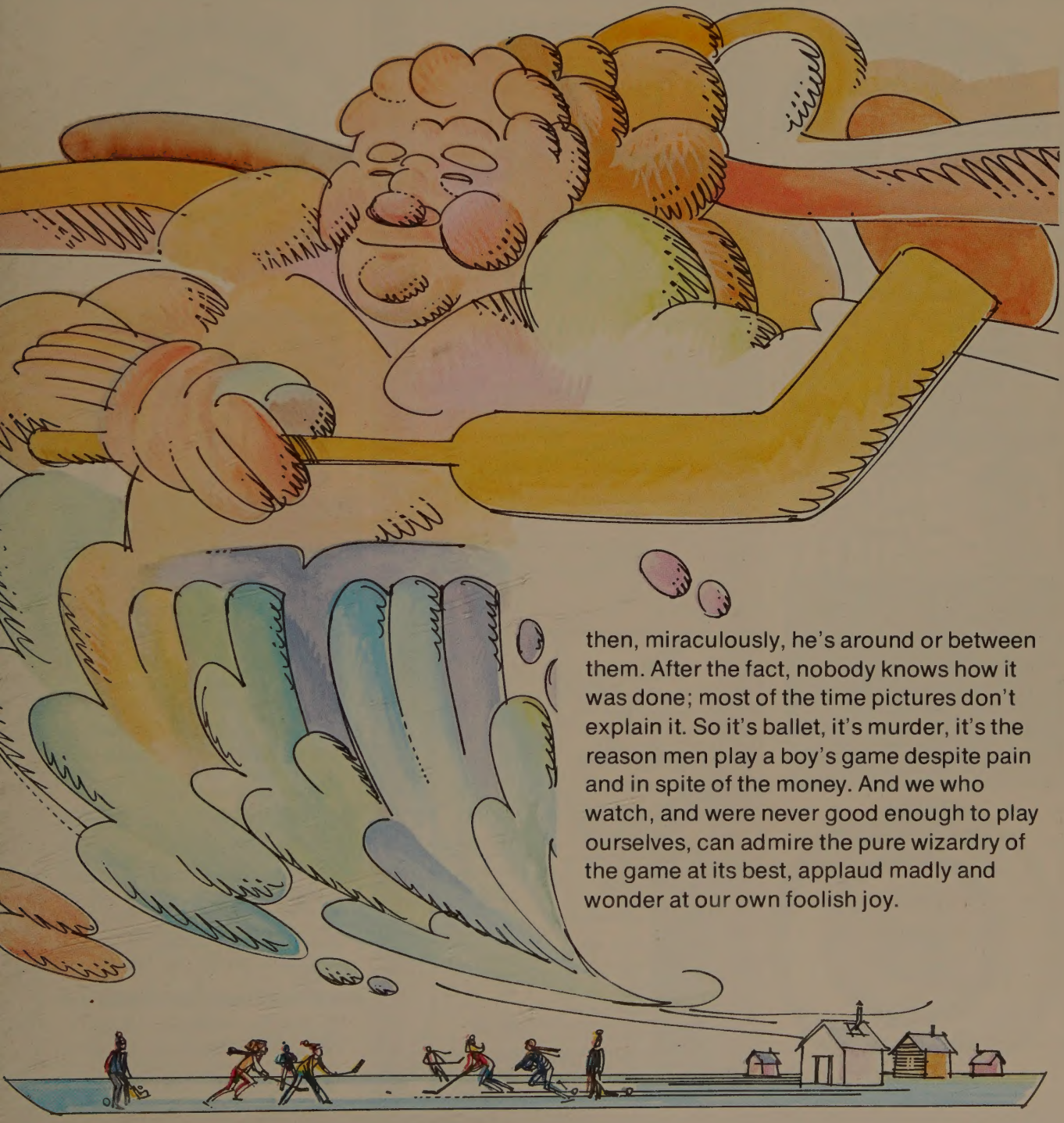
The basics of hockey came before today's machine-made players, drilled into excellence by endless practise and the advice of coaches. It goes beyond artificial ice, back to the toddling types learning to skate on lakes and rivers and backyard ponds. You can still see them there, batting an old tin can or rock between two baskets that simulate a goaltender's net. I was one of them myself years ago, bundled up in windbreaker and scarf, wearing old-fashioned double-bladed skates, face raw with cold.

I remember there was always one kid better than the rest, a kid who could take a lump of coal and stickhandle it through a whole crowd of other youngsters trying to

stop him. And sometimes, when the river ice was clear of snow, the game would occupy acres and acres of ice, occasionally even flowing out from the Trent River and onto the huge Bay of Quinte among the far-away fishing shanties, with slow clouds lifting ahead like giant goalies. You could race over miles and miles of ice with 20-foot strides on seven-league skates: you were the next thing to immortal and only ten years old. Then you'd stop and look down at the black ice, seeing this kid with a red nose, suddenly aware of the difference between body and mind. . . .

The kids coming up from small town arenas — where they used to open side windows, in days before artificial ice, so the rinks could freeze — those kids know this brightly-lit arena is their goal, mecca of all their hopes for glory. The myth of hockey is all around them here.

The real magic of hockey: one man meeting two defencemen at the blueline,



then, miraculously, he's around or between them. After the fact, nobody knows how it was done; most of the time pictures don't explain it. So it's ballet, it's murder, it's the reason men play a boy's game despite pain and in spite of the money. And we who watch, and were never good enough to play ourselves, can admire the pure wizardry of the game at its best, applaud madly and wonder at our own foolish joy.

HOCKEY NIGHT IN CANADA

MONTREAL AT TORONTO
TONIGHT 8:00

CHANNEL — THE FAMILY STATION — TORONTO

NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE

Patrick Division

	GP	W	L	T	F	A	P
Philadelphia	16	11	3	2	55	33	24
Atlanta	16	9	6	2	48	42	18
NY Isl's	14	7	4	3	52	32	17
NY Rangers	14	6	5	3	47	41	15

Smythe Division

Vancouver	15	9	4	2	57	41	20
Chicago	14	7	5	2	50	37	16
St. Louis	13	4	6	3	42	46	11
Minnesota	14	3	8	3	31	54	9
Kansas C	13	1	11	1	33	64	3

Norris Division

Los Angeles	15	9	1	5	51	27	23
Montreal	16	7	4	5	62	44	19
Detroit	13	5	6	2	38	55	12
Pittsburgh	13	4	7	2	47	55	10
Washington	14	1	12	1	28	72	3

Adams Division

Buffalo	15	10	3	2	63	47	22
Boston	14	6	3	5	64	43	17
Toronto	13	4	6	3	51	55	11
California	16	2	10	4	37	75	8

Sunday's Results

Philadelphia 3, California 0
Boston 4, Atlanta 3
Montreal 11, Washington 1
Buffalo 8, Pittsburgh 3
Vancouver 4, Detroit 2

Saturday's Results

NY Rangers 2, Los Angeles 2
St. Louis 4, NY Islanders 2
Philadelphia 6, Washington 2
Montreal 4, Vancouver 3
Pittsburgh 5, California 2
Minnesota 7, Toronto 5
Buffalo 6, Kansas City 1

Future Games

Tuesday—Atlanta at Washington; Chicago at Vancouver; Boston at St. Louis.

BOSTON B BRUINS

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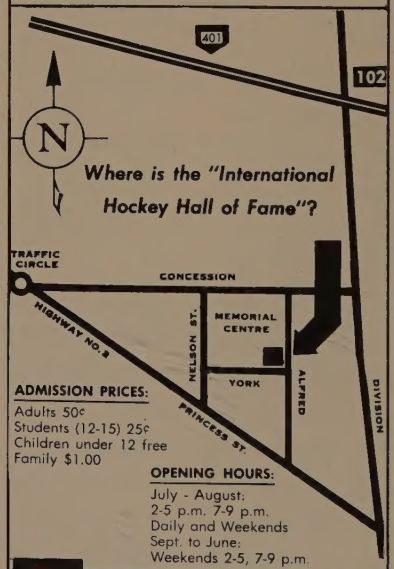
HOUSE LEAGUE HOCKEY

REGISTRATION

Friday September 13
6:30 - 9:30 p.m.
Don Valley Junior High School



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Sept. to June:
Weekends 2-5, 7-9 p.m.

ESSO

WED. 9		SAT. 26	
WASH	AT N.Y. RAN	N.Y RAN	AT PIT
N.Y. R	AT MON	MIN	AT N.Y. IS
ATL	AT VAN	[illegible]	AT [illegible]
PIT	AT MIN	[illegible]	AT MON
CHI	AT DET	CAL	AT L.A.
ST. L	AT CAL	[illegible]	AT [illegible]
KAN. C	AT TOR	BUFF	AT ST. L

THU. 10		SUN. 27	
L.A.	AT PHIL	ATL	AT N.Y. RAN
BOS	AT BUFF	MON	AT BUFF
		TOR	AT WASH
FRI. 11		ST. L	AT CHI
ATL	AT CAL	KAN. C	AT BOS

SAT. 12		TUE. 29	
N.Y.RAN	AT TOR	CAL	AT N.Y. IS
KAN. C	AT N.Y. IS.	BUFF	AT WASH
BUFF	AT PHIL	PIT	AT L.A.
L.A.	AT MON	DET	AT VAN
WASH	AT MIN	ST. L	AT TOR

MINNESOTA N NORTH STARS

SEC.	ROW	SEAT
50	E	6

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(4)

WED. OCT. 10

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50 E 6

NATIONAL HOCKEY LEAGUE
TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS
Wed., Oct. 10, 1973

DETROIT RED WINGS

MAJOR JUNIOR A

	G	W	L	T	F	A	P
Kingston	19	10	6	3	84	73	23
Toronto	15	11	4	0	100	61	22
Hamilton	20	10	8	2	96	83	22
Peterboro	18	9	6	3	76	66	21
Ottawa	20	10	9	1	103	118	21
Sudbury	18	9	7	2	98	82	20
Oshawa	19	9	8	2	82	79	20
St. Cath's	15	9	6	0	63	62	18
London	17	6	10	1	59	77	13
S. S. Marie	20	5	13	2	77	100	12
Kitchener	19	4	15	0	55	92	8

Sunday's Results

St. Catharines 3, Kingston 2
Sudbury 9, Peterborough 5
Sault Ste. Marie 4, Hamilton 4
London 4, Kitchener 1

Saturday's Result

Oshawa 6, Sault Ste. Marie 3

Future Games

Tuesday—Toronto at St. Catharines; Kitchener at Hamilton; Oshawa at Kingston.

Wednesday—Sudbury at Sault Ste. Marie.

PITTSBURGH PENGUINS

NY ISLANDERS

HOCKEY
SKATES - STICKS
EQUIPMENT
SAVE UP TO 50%

Ball Hockey

Toronto Ball Hockey

19th

Rangers 4 Barons 3 R: Ricbanks, Dave Seagul, Ric Carigan, Brian Banks B: Gerry St. Louis, Bobby Nadeau, Steve Graham

22th

Rangers 3 Barons 3 B: Brian Bank 2, Bill Main B: Vic Angelosante, Paul Knight, Lee Cowper

Series stands Rangers won 1 tied 3 5 points

Barons lost 1 tied 3 3 points

WHA leaders

	G	A	P
Hull, Wpg	75	60	135
Lecroix, SD	37	96	133
S. Bernier Que	52	62	114
Nilsson, Wpg	23	87	100
Lund, Hou	31	69	100
Rivers, SD	53	46	99
G. Howe, Hou	33	61	94
Dillon, Tor	28	65	93
Hedberg, Wpg	49	44	93
Walton, Minn	47	43	90

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MON. SEPT. 23 8:00 P.M.
DETROIT RED WINGS vs LEAFS

MON. SEPT. 30, 8:00 P.M.
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- Elmer Lach's overtime goal that won the Stanley Cup for Montreal in 1953, TV's first year in hockey
- See — early career interviews with Bobby Hull, Frank Mahovlich, 15-year-old Bobby Orr.

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vs.
Montréal Canadiens
8:00 pm

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MONTREAL CANADIENS

PUCKLORE

Do you consider the puck a dull object? Just a cut above the rock in terms of glamour and personality? If you do, you're not alone. And you're in for a few surprises.

In the beginning, hockey was played with a hard rubber ball. Because it was round, as balls tend to be, it was always bouncing out of the playing area. Finally, someone realized that a flat disk would slide well along the ice, and also eliminate the problem of bouncing. The top and bottom of a ball were removed, and the resulting object completely changed the style of hockey. The puck had arrived.

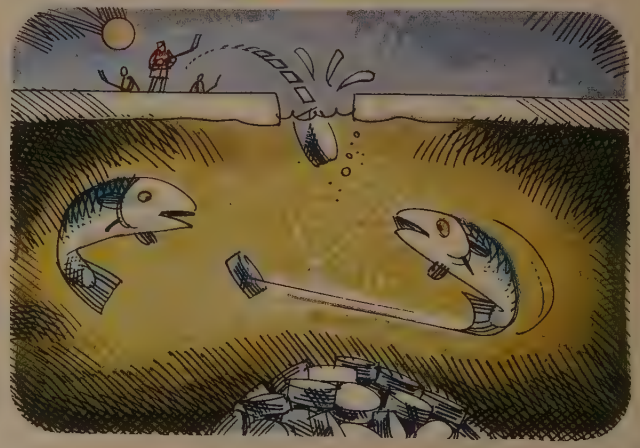
The first hockey puck was introduced in Montreal during the 1870s. It was a flat, circular piece of wood. This wooden puck did not satisfy the players, and a rubber one soon replaced it. The official puck used today is made of vulcanized rubber, 2.5 cm thick and 7.5 cm in diameter.

Pucks are frozen before every big-league game to make them hard and to help them slide better. A frozen puck can travel down the ice at speeds up to 200 km/h. One puck, in a Stanley Cup game played at Ottawa in 1903, disappeared through a hole in the ice and was never seen again. Today, 25 or more pucks are often used in one game.

What will the puck be like in the future? For one thing, it may be banana-yellow. Or tomato-red. A bright blue puck was tried out in 1972, but was not a huge success. (Black pucks are a tradition; imagine a bright blue hot-dog.) One puck designer is dreaming of a puck with an electronic beeper buried inside it. This beeping puck could then be tracked electronically on TV screens with a small arrow.

The origin of the word *puck* is clouded in mystery. Some say that it comes from *puk*, an obscure old English word meaning "to hit or strike." Others say it comes from an obscure old French word.

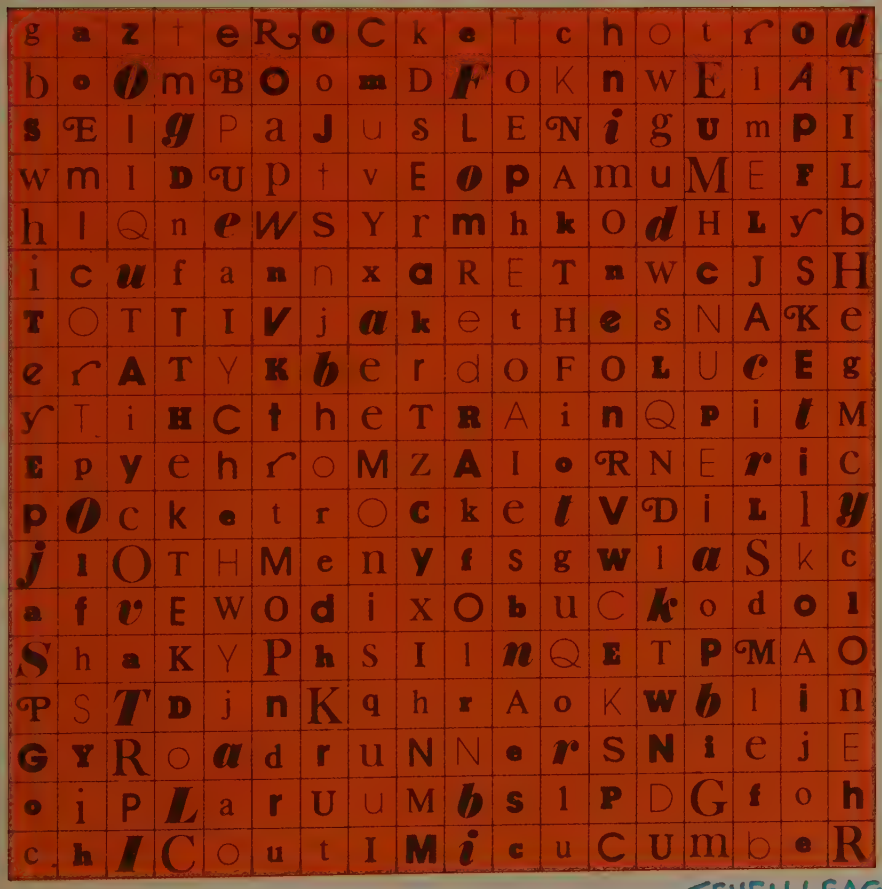
Another kind of puck is the elf or hobgoblin, a mischievous imp whose favourite occupation is causing trouble. This puck is the type who would enjoy the *puk* mystery. In fact, he probably caused it.



NICKNAME PUZZLE

Many famous hockey players of the past and present have nicknames. Find the nicknames of the hockey players in the puzzle below.

You may look for them by reading up, down, forward, backward or diagonally.

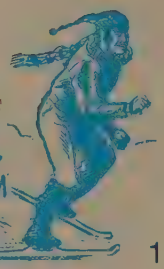


Bobby Hull
Pat Stapleton
Frank Mahovlich
Eddie Shack
Leonard Kelly
Jacques Plante
Lorne Worsley
Charles Lalonde
Mike Walton
Maurice Richard
Walter Broda
Bernie Geoffrion
Hector Blake
Frederick Taylor
Jacques Martin
Georges Vezina
Wilfred McDonald
Wayne Dillon
George Imlach
Yvan Cournoyer
Henri Richard
Lionel Conacher
Rod Gilbert

To rope a flat melon

SEVEN LEAGUE SKATES

75cm LONG BLADED SKATES INVENTED BY JAMES WHELPLEY AND MADE IN THE MARITIMES LATE IN THE 19TH CENTURY WERE A BIG EXPORT ITEM

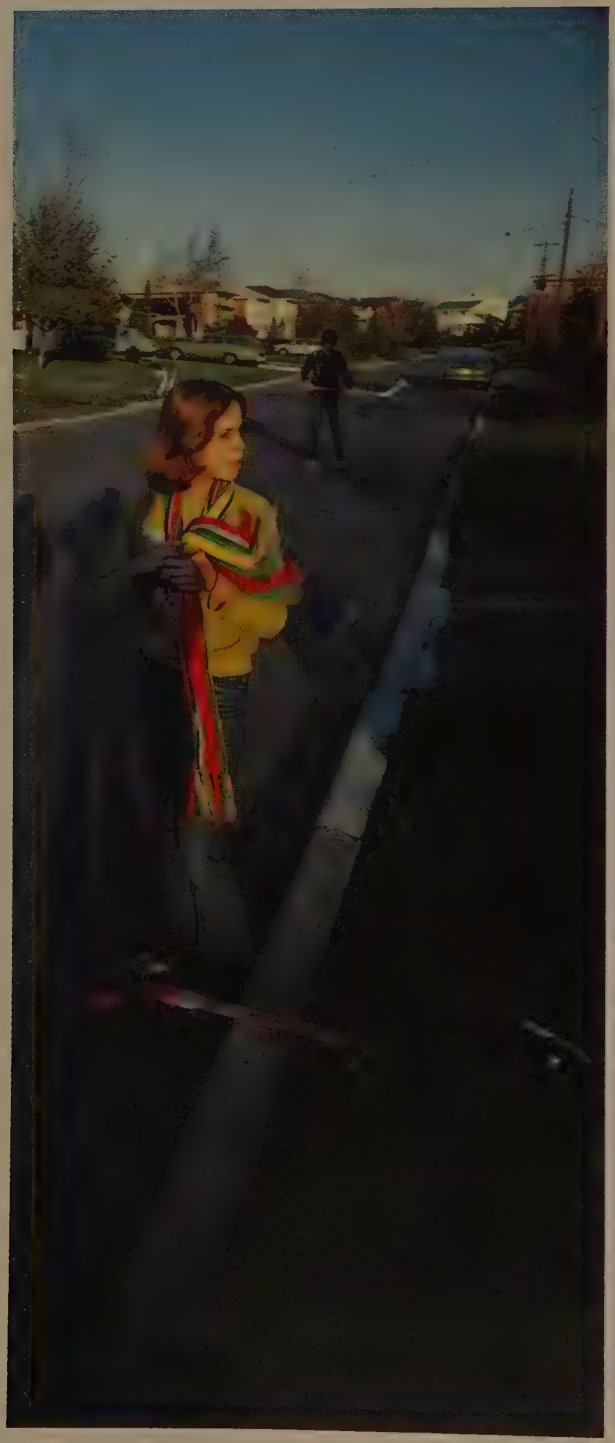


1895

Went this evening with all our party to witness one of the championship hockey matches between Ottawa & Montreal. The latter expected to win, but were beaten 5 to 1. This game appears to be a most fascinating one and the men get wildly excited about it. But there can be no doubt as to its roughness. If the players get too keen & lose their tempers, as they are too apt to do, the possession of the stick & the closeness to one another gives the occasion for many a nasty hit. Tonight one man was playing with his nose badly broken. The game had twice to be stopped, once because a man got hit in the mouth & the other time because one of the captains was knocked down unconcious & had to be carried out. When

From the Journal of Lady Aberdeen

d consciousness he came out and
in. The amount of risk even in the
way seems to be scarcely compensated
the game – at least so it appears to
spectators. Yet there are many men &
here in Ottawa who practically live
hockey. It must be said that it is
ful to see the perfection of skating that
volved in the playing of the game – the
simply run on the ice as if they
on the ground.



Hockey Lady

I started playing hockey with my brother and the gang on the street. It wasn't long before I realized that they weren't treating me like one of the guys. They were making it easy on me. They didn't respect me as a hockey player. They kept reminding me I was a girl!

But I really wanted to play hockey, and decided to go to summer hockey school. I saved money from my paper route and sent off an application. The day I was accepted, my brother Ritchie had a fit. He couldn't believe that I, Dale Sacharuk, had made it into an all-male hockey school.

When I showed up the first day, I found out why. My name, Dale, on the application form, had led the staff to think that I was a boy. Not one to give up, I argued my case for an hour, and finally got them to let me show how fantastic I was on skates. After that, they made me do 40 pushups and run around the gym for a while, then asked around a million questions about hockey rules. When they couldn't think of anything else to do, they all went into a huddle at the other end of the gym.

It was agony, waiting for the staff to decide. I strained my ears to catch what they were saying. Every time one of them gestured or made a face, my stomach gave a lurch. After what seemed like hours, they came back and looked at me with very serious faces. Then, the head instructor told me I was in.

Those two weeks at hockey school were great. At first the other guys hassled me a lot,

made sick jokes and treated me like a Martian, but when they saw I was serious they let up. My bulky padding and helmet helped, sort of like a disguise, and soon they were throwing me bodychecks and crunching me into the boards. That made me feel really good.

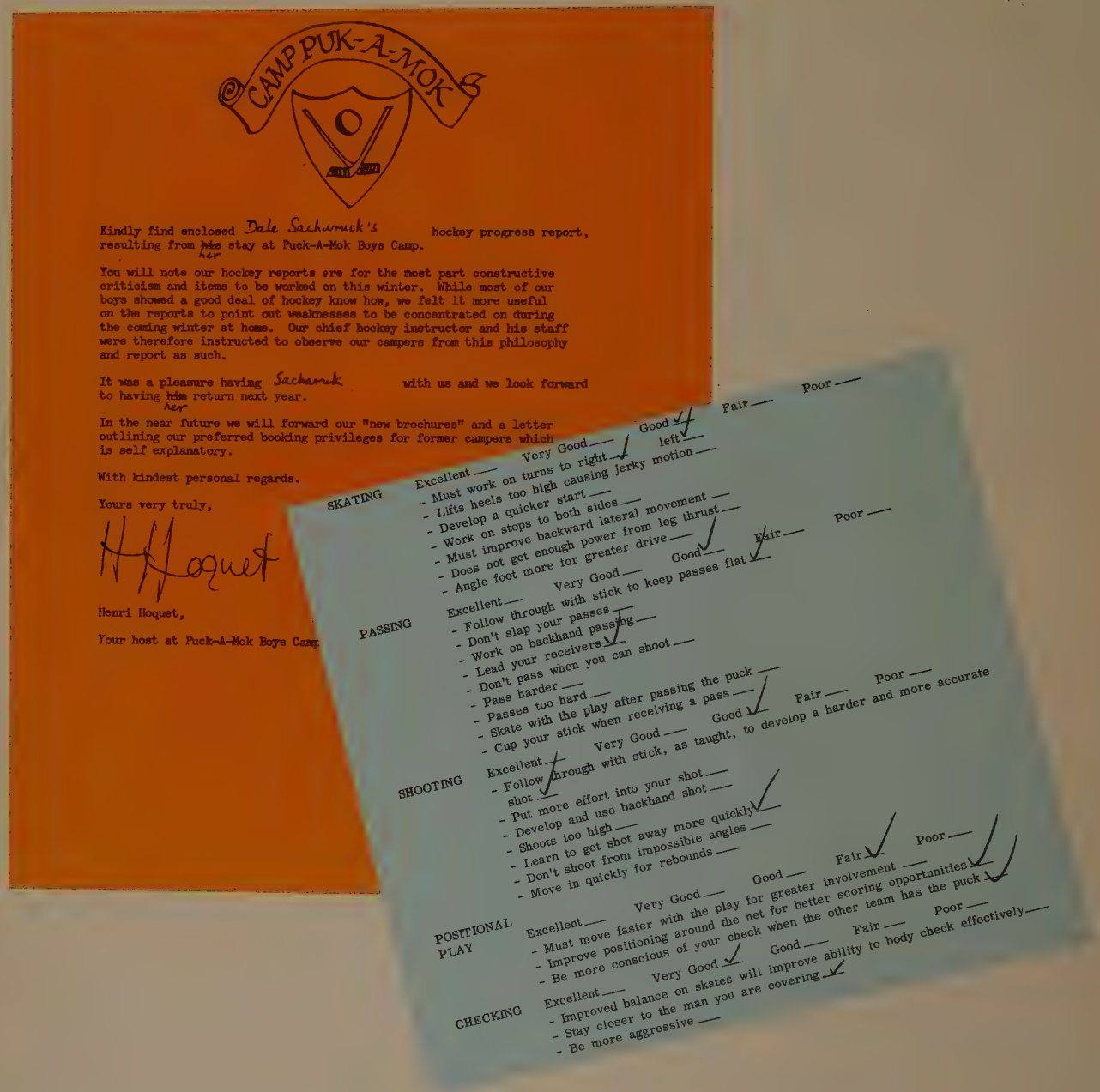
I worked hard, watched my teeth, and, at the end, got a great report card. When I showed it to Ritchie he just groaned, but I could tell he was kidding me. The look in his eyes was pretty proud.

The next big step was when I joined the Acme Hardware Ladies Bantam Hockey Team. They had their headquarters in the warehouse of Acme Hardware, way over on the other side of town. I made it to the warehouse all right, but, once inside, I got lost. I wandered down miles of aisles stacked up with hammers, wrenches, egg beaters and ironing boards. Until then, I never knew the different smells metal could have. As I was sniffing down an aisle of nuts and bolts, comparing the smell with the chisels a few rows back, I bumped into a new smell: perfume. I followed the scent to the noise of voices, and found my new coach.

Jo-Ann Belter suited her name. She was, and still is, a b-i-i-i-g lady. She had a no-nonsense look about her, and, after a short interview, told me to show up for a game the very next day. I was lucky — they needed a centre. The game was going to be an exhibition match against a boys' team.

That game was my first real one, with a roaring audience in the stands, including my brother Ritchie and some of the gang on the street. The Acme Hardware Team gave them a great show.

The guys were monsters. They were absolutely enormous. We played stylish, well-organized hockey, if I say so myself, but those bruisers were too much for us. Every time we had a good thing going, working the



CAMP PUK-A-MOK

Kindly find enclosed Dale Sachuruck's hockey progress report, resulting from ~~his~~ her stay at Puck-A-Mok Boys Camp.

You will note our hockey reports are for the most part constructive criticism and items to be worked on this winter. While most of our boys showed a good deal of hockey know how, we felt it more useful on the reports to point out weaknesses to be concentrated on during the coming winter at home. Our chief hockey instructor and his staff were therefore instructed to observe our campers from this philosophy and report as such.

It was a pleasure having Sachuruk with us and we look forward to having ~~him~~ her return next year.

In the near future we will forward our "new brochures" and a letter outlining our preferred booking privileges for former campers which is self explanatory.

With kindest personal regards.

Yours very truly,

H Hoquet

Henri Hoquet,

Your host at Puck-A-Mok Boys Camp

SKATING Excellent ___ Very Good ___ Good ✓ Fair ___ Poor ___
- Must work on turns to right ___ left ___
- Lifts heels too high causing jerky motion ___
- Develop a quicker start ___
- Work on stops to both sides ___
- Must improve backward lateral movement ___
- Does not get enough power from leg thrust ___
- Angle foot more for greater drive ___

PASSING Excellent ___ Very Good ___ Good ___ Fair ___ Poor ___
- Follow through with stick to keep passes flat
- Don't slap your passes ___
- Work on backhand passing ___
- Lead your receivers ___
- Don't pass when you can shoot ___
- Pass harder ___
- Passes too hard ___
- Skate with the play after passing the puck ___
- Cup your stick when receiving a pass ___

SHOOTING Excellent ___ Very Good ___ Good ___ Fair ___ Poor ___
- Follow through with stick, as taught, to develop a harder and more accurate shot ___
- Put more effort into your shot ___
- Develop and use backhand shot ___
- Shoots too high ___
- Learn to get shot away more quickly ___
- Don't shoot from impossible angles ___
- Move in quickly for rebounds ___

POSITIONAL PLAY Excellent ___ Very Good ___ Good ___ Fair ___ Poor ___
- Must move faster with the play for greater involvement ___
- Improve positioning around the net for better scoring opportunities ___
- Be more conscious of your check when the other team has the puck ___

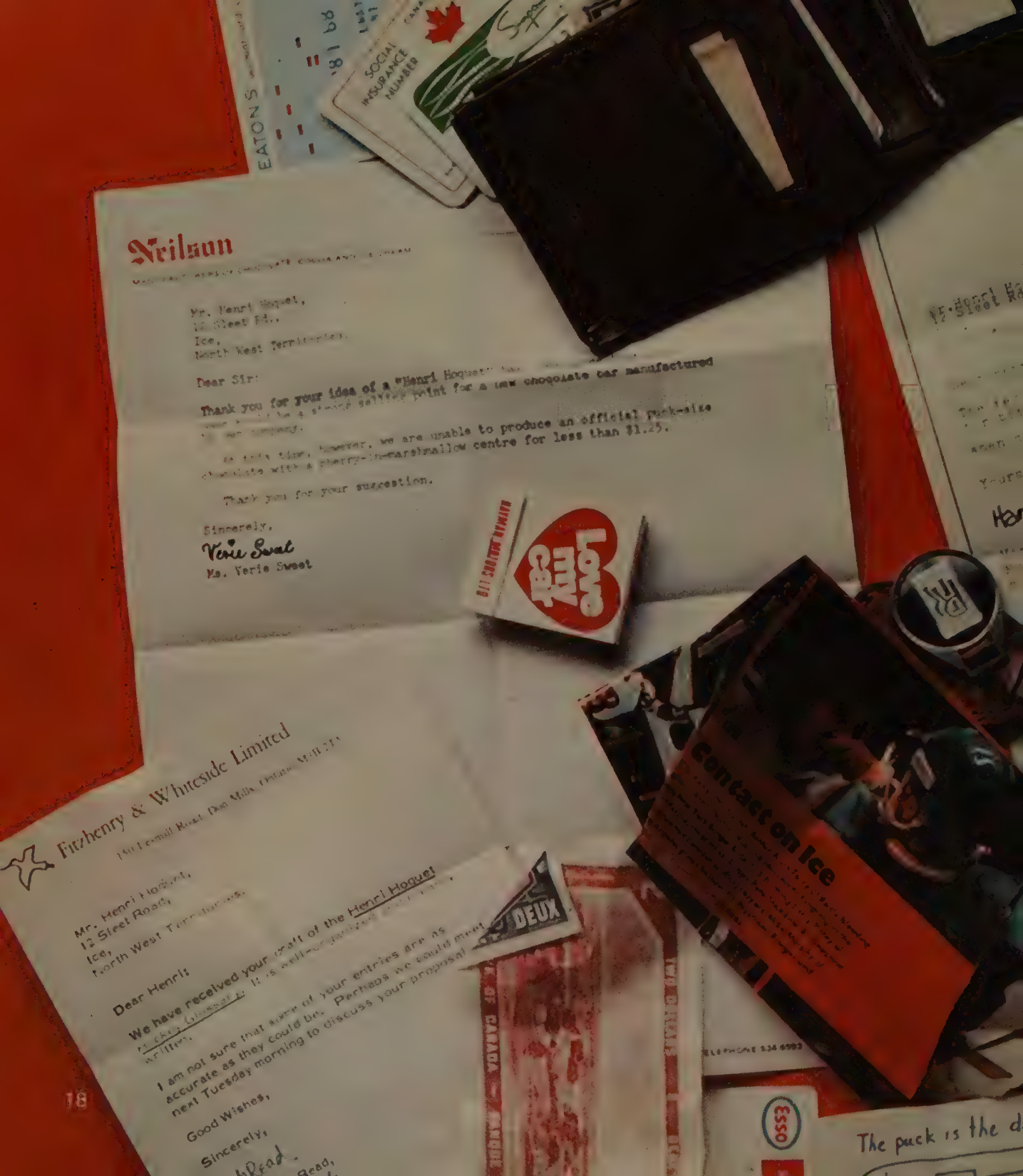
CHECKING Excellent ___ Very Good ___ Good ___ Fair ___ Poor ___
- Improved balance on skates will improve ability to body check effectively ___
- Stay closer to the man you are covering ___
- Be more aggressive ___

puck towards their net, they'd grab it. After checking a couple of us out of action, they'd get a shot off and score. We may have been better skaters and stickhandlers, but those guys had stronger arms, and they beat us mainly because they got their shots off so quickly. We lost 10-3.

After that game, I collapsed in the dressing room and cried. My dreams were shattered. I was sure that Ritchie and his friends were laughing their heads off outside. Jo-Ann came over to comfort me, and said quietly that I'd played well — we all had. And that that was the real point of it all: to play good hockey. Win some, lose some. I took off my helmet and felt a lot better.

Ritchie, as it turned out, was impressed. Now he comes to all our games and even watched us win a few against boys' teams. And we win most of our games against other girls. But winning isn't everything. I'm playing hockey, and I love it. The action, the excitement, the team spirit. Touring around with the team for challenge matches, I put on my Acme Hardware sweater with pride. I've still got all my teeth, and the other day someone even asked me for my autograph.

And best of all, now when I play street hockey for kicks, I get respect, real respect.


Neilson
Mr. Henri Hoquet,
Ice,
Dear Sir:
Thank you for your idea of a "Henri Hoquet
Sincerely,
Ms. Verie Sweet
Fitzhenry & Whiteside Limited
Mr. Henri Hoquet,
12 Steet Road,
Ice,
Dear Henri;
We have received your draft of the Henri Hoquet
I am not sure that some of your entries are as
accurate as they could be. Perhaps we could meet
next Tuesday morning to discuss your proposal.
Good Wishes,
Sincerely,
Contact on Ice
DEUX
ESSO
The puck is the

CAMP PUK-A-MOK
your horoscope
The Thinnest Book of World Records
Mr. Henri Hoquet,
12 Sleet Road,
Ice,
North West Territories
Dear Mr.Hoquet,
Inquiringly yours,
Mary Worm
DRIVER'S
Call Wally Boyer — Midla
Dear Henri,
That was a great game Saturday nite.
Beating the Montreal Canadiens 15-8! Yup!
guessed it. I was one of the guys who mo
after the game. So I'm sending you the
I grabbed for you to autograph. I'm no
where you'll have the most room to sign it
on the plate between the molars and the bi
I cleaned it in Ajax so your autograph will
up better. Even without your teeth you're the gr
Igor McYah
LOUISE 494-4162

The Amazing Saga of the Stanley Cup

Booted into the canal, used for growing flowers, and stolen. Hardly the treatment you would expect for one of the most sought-after trophies in the world of sports. But all these things and more are part of the Stanley Cup story.

Back in 1893, when Lord Stanley of Preston donated the cup that bears his name, he could hardly have imagined that it would become one of the best known prizes in the world's sporting circles. He was governor general of Canada at that time and became interested in hockey as sponsor of the Rideau Hall team on which his eight sons played.

Lord Stanley's aide, Lord Kilcoursie, was also an avid hockey fan. He persuaded the governor general to give a cup to "the champion hockey team in the Dominion of Canada." Lord Stanley decreed that the cup should be given first to the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association who were the winners of the Amateur Hockey Association title in 1893. Afterwards, the cup was to be awarded on the basis of a challenge. The team winning it would have to defeat the current holders.

Lord Stanley was near the end of his term as governor general. He purchased the silver bowl for ten guineas ($48.66). He retired to England soon afterwards, and never saw a Stanley Cup game.

The first Stanley Cup game was played on March 22, 1894, between the Montreal A.A.A. and the challenging Ottawa Capitals. The 5000 spectators saw the Montreal club defeat the Capitals by a score of 3-1 to retain the cup, and the most famous competition in all hockey was launched.

The game in those days was somewhat different from today. To begin with, there were seven players on each team. The goals were simply marked by two upright sticks without crossbar or nets. All the players were amateurs. There were no professional hockey players in those days.

Soon the competition for the Stanley Cup was so intense that teams began to bring in new players from other clubs to help them. Before long every team was doing this, and paying the players for their services. In this way the first professionals made their appearance, and teams were a mix of amateur and professional players. This led to some bitter arguments among the clubs. Some argued it was not fair, because the rich clubs could afford to pay better players. The professionals argued that Lord Stanley had awarded the cup to the best team in Canada, and said nothing about who should or should not be on that team.

In 1909 the problem was resolved when the amateurs lost the cup to the professionals. That year the Eastern Canada Hockey Association combined with the Federal League to form the National Hockey Association, and Canada's first professional

league came into being. The rules for awarding the Stanley Cup read: "This trophy is to be presented to the team winning the professional hockey championship of the world." To keep the amateurs happy, Sir Montagu Allen donated a new trophy for amateur competition, The Allen Cup, awarded for the senior championship of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association.

From 1912 to 1925 the champions of the Pacific Coast League met the Eastern titleholders for the cup. However, big league hockey gradually lost support in the west and in 1926 the National Hockey League was formed. The competition for the Stanley Cup became an NHL contest, and has remained so ever since.

The Stanley Cup has had a few strange adventures. In 1905 the trophy was won by the Ottawa Silver Seven for the third successive year. The celebration party was a wild one. On the way home afterwards, a member of the team claimed he could drop-kick the cup into the canal. Encouraged by his teammates, he kicked the trophy into the water. The next morning they realized what they had done. They went back to the spot and fished it out, none the worse for its bath.

Only a year later the trophy went to the Montreal Wanderers, who had their team picture taken with the cup. When the photographer had finished, the team trooped off, leaving the Stanley Cup in the photographer's studio. The photographer's mother spotted the attractive silver bowl and decided to plant geraniums in it. It was recovered from her windowsill several months later.

One time it was literally "left by the wayside." A Montreal team on the way to a victory celebration had a flat tire. They took the trophy out of the trunk to get at the spare, and placed it by the roadside. They drove off in a hurry, leaving it sitting there. Luckily, the cup was still there when they returned for it later.

The Stanley Cup has been stolen several times, but always recovered. A fan tried to walk off with it during the 1962 playoffs between the Montreal Canadians and the Chicago Black Hawks. He felt the trophy belonged in Montreal, though it was destined to go to the Toronto Maple Leafs that season. In recent years it has been stolen twice from the Hockey Hall of Fame in Toronto.

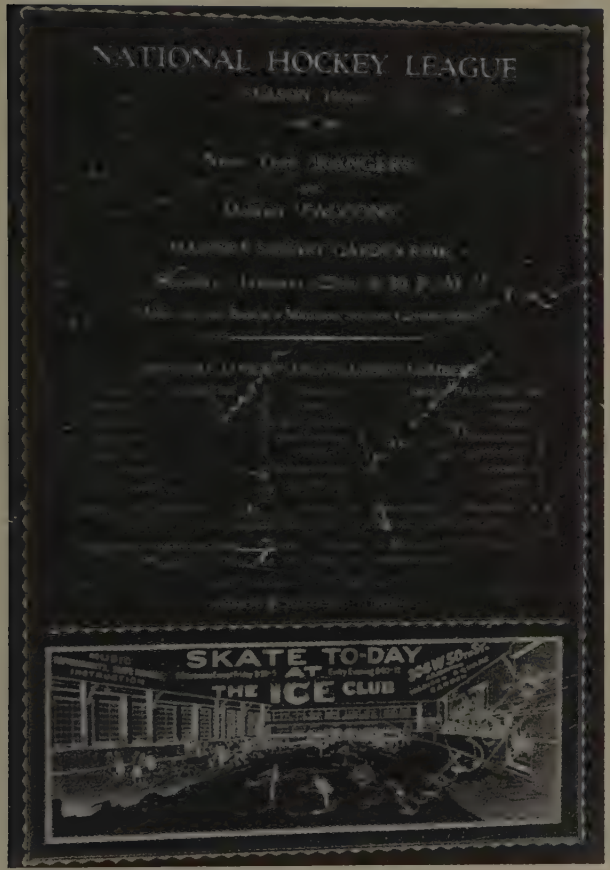
Because the Stanley Cup is one of the most prized trophies in sport, an exact replica of it was built at a cost of over

$14,000. Now the real cup is safely hidden away in a bank vault, shielded from over-enthusiastic fans.

Each year, new names are added to the list on the trophy. The cup becomes bigger, heavier and more valuable as new additions are made. The original silver bowl that stood a mere 25 cm high is now over 1 m in height.

So, despite all its trials and tribulations, the Stanley Cup is still with us. It remains one of the main symbols of hockey, and is sought after as keenly today as at any time in its adventurous history.

You Can't Tell the Players Without a Program



SATURDAY JANUARY 8

DETROIT RED WINGS

G.M. & COACH SID ABEL
TRAINER LEFTY WILSON
ASS'T. TRAINER DANNY OLESEVICH

		G.P.	G.A.	S.O.
1	ROGER CROZIER, Goal	30⅔	82	5
30	HANK BASSEN, Goal	2⅓	6	0
		Goals	Assists	Points
3	BERT MARSHALL, D.	0	7	7
4	BILL GADSBY, D.	1	3	4
5	DOUG BARKLEY, D.	4	11	15
7	NORM ULLMAN, C.	15	23	38
9	GORDIE HOWE, R.W.	16	20	36
10	ALEX DELVECCHIO, C.	12	22	34
11	VAL FONTEYNE, L.W.	2	8	10
12	RON MURPHY, L.W.	4	4	8
14	PARKER MacDONALD, L.W.	8	5	13
16	BRUCE MacGREGOR, R.W.	10	8	18
17	FLOYD SMITH, R.W.	12	12	24
18	BRYAN WATSON, D.	1	2	3
19	PAUL HENDERSON, R.W.	10	7	17
21	ANDY BATHGATE, R.W.	11	18	29
22	AB McDONALD, L.W.	5	13	18
23	GARY BERGMAN, D.	2	7	9

		G.P.	G.A.	S.O.
1	JOHNNY BOWER, Goal	18	48	0
30	TERRY SAWCHUK, Goal	13	40	0
		Goals	Assists	Points
3	MARCEL PRONOVOST, D.	0	5	5
4	RED KELLY, L.W.	2	12	14
7	TIM HORTON, D.	2	11	13
8	RON ELLIS, R.W.	4	11	15
10	GEO. ARMSTRONG (C), R.W.	6	15	21
11	BRIT SELBY, L.W.	8	3	11
12	PETER STEMKOWSKI, C.	0	4	4
14	DAVE KEON, C.	11	10	21
15	WALLY BOYER, C.	3	3	6
16	LARRY HILLMAN, D.	0	3	3
19	KENT DOUGLAS, D.	2	5	7
20	BOB PULFORD, C.	15	15	30
23	EDDIE SHACK, R.W.	14	5	19
25	ORLAND KURTENBACH, C.	6	4	10
26	ALLAN STANLEY, D.	2	5	7
27	FRANK MAHOVLICH, L.W.	10	12	22

INJURED: 21 — BOB BAUN (0-3-3)

TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS

G.M. & COACH GEORGE (PUNCH) IMLACH
ASS'T G.M. & COACH FRANK (KING) CLANCY
TRAINER BOB HAGGERT
ASS'T TRAINER TOMMY NAYLER

JUNIOR A
OHA PLAYOFF GAME

St. Catharines

1—CROZIER
2—POPIEL
4—TEATHER
5—SPEER
6—CARROLL
7—CULLEN
8—HARRIS
9—ROBINSON
10—KELLOUGH
11—HALL
12—BRENNEMAN
14—WORRALL
15—EARLEY
16—HULL
17—IVES
18—JARRETT
19—BERISH

Gen Mgr. — RUDY PILOUS
Coach — GUS BODNAR

ADAMS
Dentyne
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
DENTYNE GUM

ENJOY *Shopsy's* ALL-BEEF FRANKFURTERS
— ON SALE IN THE GARDENS —

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Junior A—Sundays, 4.30 p.m.
6 Full Sports Forecasts Daily

JUNIOR A
OHA PLAYOFF GAME

St. Michael's Majors

1—CHEEVERS
—DRYDEN
2—O'MALLEY
3—GALIPEAU
4—BROWN
5—JACKSON
6—MacDONALD
7—DRAPER, B.
8—MacMILLAN
9—KEENAN
10—CONLIN
11—CHAMPAGNE
12—DRAPER, D.
14—MacKENZIE
15—WALSH
16—COLE
17—NOAKES
18—CLANCY
19—OSBORNE

Coach — FATHER DAVID BAUER
Trainer — JIM GREGORY

This'll make a great column.

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2500 DANFORTH AVE. AT MAIN
J. B. W. CARMICHAEL, *President*

Saps die off

Field Hockey

For any self-respecting *ice* hockey player, the game of *field* hockey can be the most alarming and frustrating sport in the world.

For an ice hockey player making the big switch to field hockey, the first shock comes from the field hockey equipment — or lack of it. On the ice, the player is protected by pads and a crash helmet. When she steps onto the ice, secured under layers of protection, she *knows* she's safe. The field hockey player wears a simple blouse, a skirt, and matching bloomers, (all unpadded), and a pair of knee socks and shoes. Under the socks, some sympathetic soul once suggested that a pair of shin guards might be valuable. Those skimpy shin guards are the only protective equipment allowed the regular field hockey player.

Appropriately dressed, the novice field hockey player steps onto the pitch (the field) and more frustration sets in. She must learn to run lightly in a pair of football shoes bristling with turf-shredding cleats. Having mastered the art of running quickly on cleats for extended periods of time (a game consists of two thirty-five minute halves with no substitution), she must now fight the field hockey pitch itself.

In most school settings, the pitch (92 metres long by 46 metres wide) doubles as a football field, so the playing surface is often a series of mounds and holes. The ball cannot glide along its path like a puck on ice but careens and hops over ruts, daring its pursuers to chase it without twisting a limb

striking circle
centre line
left outside
left inside
centre
right inside
right outside

or, at least, falling before the onrushing dozens of cleated feet.

The hard, leather-covered, white sphere darkens considerably as the game progresses. It should come as no surprise that this small ball can cause a nasty bruise when it hits the unprotected body of a field hockey player. The ball is propelled along the ground by a series of short taps, called a dribble, or passed to a teammate.

The field hockey stick is much shorter than an ice hockey stick (about 85 cm as opposed to about 135 cm). For former ice hockey players, it's like being a Junior A player using a Peewee's stick. The field hockey stick is rounded like a candy cane except for a section of the upward-curving blade where one side is suddenly flat. But this strange looking stick is tough. An ice hockey stick could never take the beating this one does during an average game on the pitch. The stick must be kept below shoulder level at all times. Failure to comply with this rule results in the opposing team getting the ball for a free hit.

Even on a relatively smooth pitch, the field hockey player faces a new and inhibiting set of rules. On the hockey rink she could zap down the ice, stick-handling with *both* sides of the stick and shooting left-handed if she pleased. On the field hockey pitch she's restricted to *one* surface of the stick and must hold the stick in a manner befitting a right-handed player. If the ball crosses to the left side of the body, it can still be played, by twisting the arms around each other until they look like the elastic band motor of a model airplane.

There is no body-checking in field hockey. After all, it is a genteel game. Instead of body-checking, the field hockey player *tackles* an opponent. "Great! I can mash 'em" you say? Sorry. Are you ready for this? A tackle is performed by placing the flat side of the stick in front of the ball to stop its motion. But you can't interfere with the opponent's path to the ball by turning around when you have the ball. In other words, you have to give her a fair chance to come and get you.

Having given her that chance, you may wish to pass to a teammate and rush down the pitch ahead of her, anticipating a lead pass. But wait. You put yourself offside by going ahead of the ball-carrier unless you are in your own half of the pitch, or unless there

are at least three opposing players between you and the goal. So much for any similarity between the offside rules of field and ice hockey.

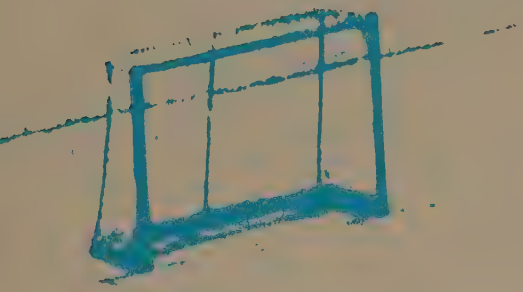
Field hockey has never heard of the blue line. Instead, the pitch has a line at centre, 46 metres from either end, and two lines, each at 23 metres. In addition, a semi-circle at each end extends into the pitch at a 14-metre radius from the centre of the goal. A player may not score unless she's inside this area, the striking circle. Poor kid. No more of those power shots from the blue line.

Now that the novice field hockey player has some idea of how the game is played, she can line up at centre with her ten teammates. "Oh yeah — for a face-off," you say? Come on now. Having heard about the rest of this game, do you really think a simple face-off would please a field hockey addict?

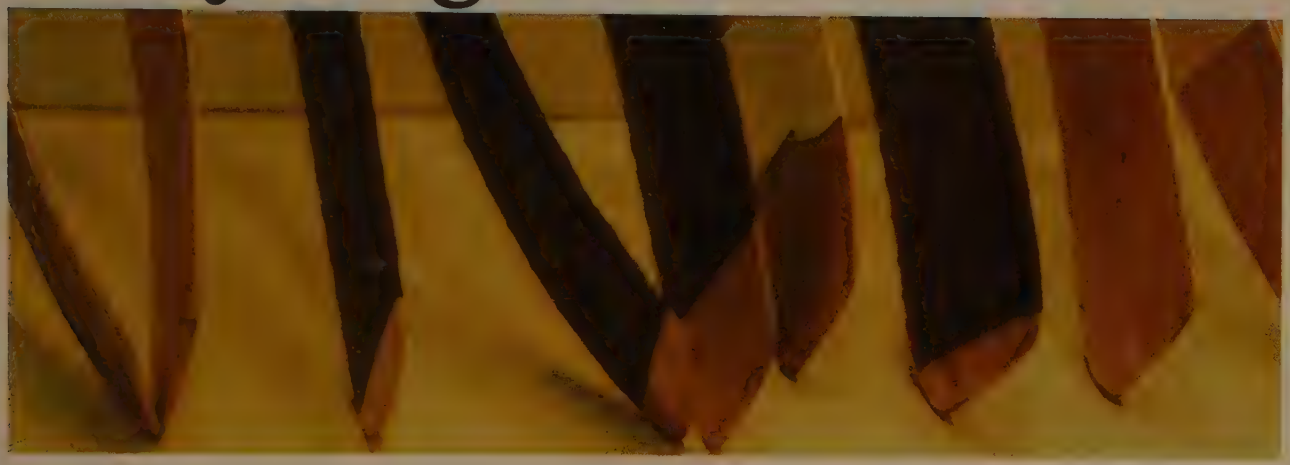
The field hockey term for "face-off" is *bully* and the *centre bully* is a face-off at the centre of the pitch. The field hockey game is started by a centre bully. The two centre forwards straddle the centre line, facing each other with the ball in between them. A strange ritual is then performed. They alternately tap the ground and each other's sticks (above the ball) three times. After the third tap of the sticks, the winner delivers a crashing blow to the ball that sends it hurtling across the pitch. The game begins. Dig in your cleats and watch your shins!

Shooting Star

A star with Vancouver Canucks
Was asked to go out and shoot ducks.
He said "No, I like wings,
In fact all living things,
As for shooting, my preference is pucks."



Carry a Big Stick



About 9 million hockey sticks have been bought by Canadians each winter in recent years, which is more than one stick for every three Canadians.

To Gordie Howe, one of Canada's most celebrated sporting figures, hockey sticks are really only a state of mind.

"The best stick is the one you are happy with," he says. "If you are happy in the head, you're happy in the feet".

Such happiness is easily come by for some people. All they need are old hockey stick shafts shoved into 75¢ plastic blades to play road hockey with their pals on the nearest side-street.

But for most Canadians who play hockey for money or for fun, the stick is more than just a tool necessary for playing the game. They have strong personal preferences about its weight, shape, and lately, even colour. And they may pay from $2.50 for a peewee stick to $10 for a top-graded product.

Goal-stick sander Charles Seaton worked for a hockey stick manufacturer for almost half a century, joining as a 16-year-old apprentice. His starting wage was 13 cents an hour for a 10-hour day. At that time you could buy a hockey stick for 35 cents. The very best cost $1.25.

Seaton worked on well over 7 million hockey sticks during his long career and has been part of their evolution. So, undoubtedly, has 70-year-old Tommy Nayler, one of the most famous National Hockey League trainers.

"Until the 30s," said Nayler, "hockey sticks were made out of one piece of rock elm and some of them would last a whole season. You could get a custom-made stick for $1.75. I know. I made 'em."

Hired by Maple Leaf Gardens builder Conn Smythe for the opening of the 1931-32 season in the new Toronto arena, Nayler remembers the introduction of one-piece ash sticks, which were lighter than those made of rock elm:

"I'm certain Charlie Conacher and Busher

Jackson were the first Leafs to use ash sticks. The problem was that they were brittle.

"One night a player called Jack Shill broke 12 ash sticks in a game. That was it. Mr. Smythe ordered me to ban them because of the breakages. A cost of $1.75 a stick was a lot of money in those days."

The first step to the modern jointed stick was made in the late 1930s by Ernie Evenden. He worked for Montreal stickmaker Joe Choquette, the man who had first used ash.

By putting a wedged, reinforced joint between shaft and blade, Evenden allowed both ash and rock elm to be used in the same stick. His patent was bought by one company, but by the early 1940s all the manufacturers had switched from a one-piece to at least a three-piece design.

The emergence of the curved stick in the mid-60s was bemoaned by trainer Nayler:

"It encouraged the most expensive shot in hockey, the slap shot. That is the stick breaker. It also discouraged young players from learning how to stick-handle."

Stan Mikita of the Chicago Black Hawks is generally credited with being the first player to bring the curved stick to the NHL. Mikita may have been the first to make a blade curve by applying heat. But the real pioneer, according to Nayler, was Andy Bathgate.

"I saw him filing a curve into his stick when he was a New York Ranger, before he joined the Leafs in the 1963-64 season. 'You can go upstairs easier,' he told me — 'put the puck high, at the top of the net'."

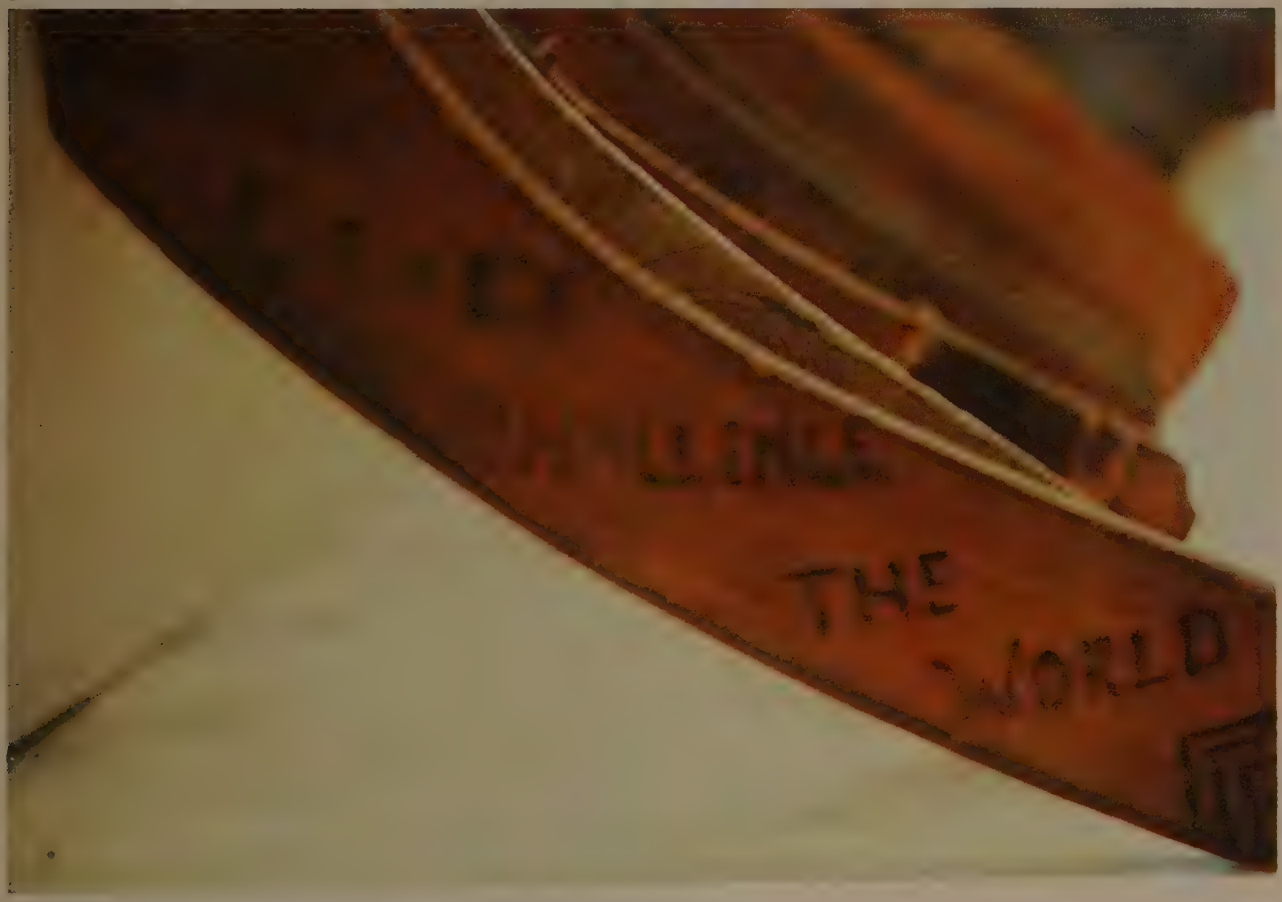
Whatever doubts Nayler has, the curved stick has gained acceptance. The NHL allows a maximum curvature of half an inch; the World Hockey Association up to $1\frac{1}{2}$".

Most professionals have their sticks custom-made, but they still delight in making their own minor modifications and doing their own taping. White tape is stronger, cleaner and stays on better. It is also more expensive. Some economy-minded players put white tape on top of black.

Speaking of economy, hockey sticks get broken while players are working on them. Many more are shattered on the ice. The Leafs used at least 1,800 sticks in 1974. The cost would be between $5 to $7 a stick, with goal sticks around $10. Some experts thought that fibreglass sticks would be a good substitute for the more brittle wooden variety. Eddie Shack experimented with a fibreglass stick. He said it "did not have the same feeling." He preferred his traditional wooden stick.

What is the ideal hockey stick? One opinion is that it should be strong enough to stand up to a slap shot, but weak enough to break in a heavy collision. There are other opinions — and as the hockey stick has changed, it will go on changing. The perfect hockey stick is yet to be invented.

The best stick is the one you are happy with. If you are happy in the head, you're happy in the feet.



Zap Hockey Game

For 4 players
Object of game: to acquire the strongest team possible.

*Equipment**

Players' pieces
No-Trade Contract markers
Star Contract markers
Deck of Penalty cards
Deck of Bonus cards
Dice
Money

Rules

1. Begin at **New Season Starts**. Roll dice to move.
2. Player landing on square:
   - 1st time may buy team member on square
   - 2nd time may protect purchased team member on square with a No-Trade Contract marker.
   - 3rd time may increase salary of protected team member on square with a Star Contract marker.
3. Player landing on square owned by another must compete for team member on square by rolling dice against owner. High roll wins:
   - if owner, collect value of team member from challenger
   - if challenger, pay value of team member to former owner.
4. When owner has whole line (either forward or defence plus goalie), the value of each player doubles.
5. When owner has whole team, the value of each player triples.
6. **League's Best**. Any one of the four may be acquired at twice the amount set for ordinary team members.

Penalty Box. Draw penalty card from pile. Serve penalty and return discard to separate pile. During penalty, player cannot collect money from other players. Player may leave box without serving penalty by paying suitable fine to the bank.

Bonus Square. Draw bonus card from pile. Collect bonus and return discard to separate pile.

Nan managed a vote

Like batteries, these are not included. Unlike batteries, they can be made with your own little hands.

Nesterenko Looks Back

ERIC NESTERENKO
CBC PRIME TIME

Sound
Roll One

Interviewer: What are some of your memories of Flin Flon?

Nesterenko: I tell you, you know what I remember? I remember playing hockey on the street under the northern lights. It was really, really brilliant. Ah, the light was brilliant and it was really cold — about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, dark, yet light. We were playing with the frozen remains of horse —

Interviewer: Horse dung?

Nesterenko: Yeah, horse dung.
[Inaudible]
Just on the frozen snow on the street. In those days in the winter, there were virtually no automobiles. Almost everything was drawn by horses, you can believe that.

Interviewer: You didn't have a rink then, you just went and —

Nesterenko: There were a couple of rinks — there was a park called Jubilee Park, and they had a big pleasure skating rink and two or three hockey rinks. I happened to live

across the street and that's how I got started.

Interviewer: How old were you when you first —

[Inaudible]

Nesterenko: Well, I was skating at say five or six, but it was so cold, you know, you'd skate for 15 or 20 minutes and then there was a warming hut with a huge pot-bellied stove. We'd go in there for a while and then skate for 15 or 20 more minutes. There was no organization as you would see it now, you know.

Interviewer: How did you get equipment? What equipment did you have?

Nesterenko: I had a pair of skates and an old stick and the proverbial *Life* magazines in my jacket, or wrapped around my shins.

Interviewer: Really. I remember, where I grew up in Newfoundland, we used to play pond hockey, and you just got out there and could chase the other guy three miles with the puck. The game just went on and on and on.

Nesterenko: Yeah, I can remember very vividly, the cold would come in about the second week in October but the snow wouldn't come for maybe another month. Everything would freeze. Flin Flon is surrounded with lakes, it's just lakes everywhere, and we used to skate on the lakes. I remember that very, very well. And the wind would blow and you'd skate with the wind, [Inaudible] it was like flying. It was that kind of feeling. I can remember that even as a seven, or eight-year-old child.

Interviewer: Tell me about the games.

Nesterenko: Well, it was a never-ending game. There was always a game going on, and as little kids, we always tried to play with the bigger kids. And they'd let you play if there weren't enough players. There was very little formal organization. A lot of one-on-one, a sort of never-ending one-on-one situation.

Interviewer: Each guy tried to prove himself against —

Nesterenko: Against everybody else. Often we'd play a game of hog — just keeping the puck, keeping away, you against everybody else.

Interviewer: So there would be no teams?

Nesterenko: No teams.

Interviewer: And no goals?

Nesterenko: No goals, no teams, no scores. You'd just play everybody else. I don't think as kids we had any great sense of team play. So we played against everybody else and you really do perfect your skills that way. The games simply go on and on, through long winter dusk afternoons, you know.

Interviewer: And the number of people can vary —

Nesterenko: Yes, people get tired, go home, eat, come back, join. Maybe I'm romanticizing it a bit. But there is a tradition. There was a team that was sponsored by the mines and my dad used to take me to see the games sometimes.

Interviewer: It must have been a heck of a contrast to organized hockey.

Nesterenko: Oh yeah.

Interviewer: How did that start?

Nesterenko: I started to play organized hockey when I was thirteen, peewee I guess, twelve, thirteen, which was the first organized hockey I played. And it was in the Toronto Hockey League — my family had moved east. We had a referee and we got use of the whole rink to play. But sometimes only eight guys would show up. I played in the THL, I played on the church team, I played on a school team — I played almost every night. Maybe, 6, 8, 10 players would show up, so there was none of this business about you blow the whistle and you have to change. We used to change because we would get so darned tired. We played, I mean we *really* played. We played for a free bottle of pop and maybe a jacket . . .

Eric Nesterenko

Coaches! Managers! Players!

Revolutionary Piece of Hockey Apparel!

Astound the Opposing Team!

Dr. Irene M. Somebody, resident podiatrist at the Banff Health Spa, combined the basic elements of a golf ball and a pool cue to invent this dynamic new piece of hockey equipment. It weighs only six grams and can be strapped around a player's waist under his hockey pants. When the player is checked, he caroms off the opponent or the boards at twice the speed he was travelling when hit! Imagine!

With no effort and only four body-checks, your team could move at over two hundred kilometres an hour!

To stop its effects, simply fall down! (Fun in the shower, too!)

"I gave one to my son for Christmas and he scored ten goals in his last game. He was a fine boy and a top competitor."

P.R. "Nails" Bucket,
Former Coach, Oshawa Whizzers

"Will do for hockey what Henry Ford did for the atmosphere."

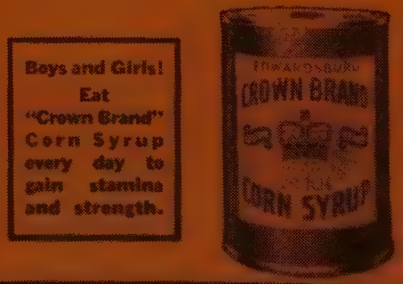
Beryl Plumtree

"If I'd had one of these, I wouldn't have worn that stupid costume."

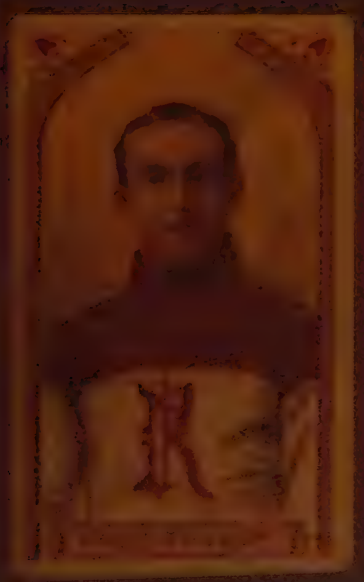
Superman

Available at finer sporting goods stores (almost) everywhere. $1.98

Souvenirs of the Hockey Season



BOBBY LALONDE
Gordie Howe
Bernie Geoffrion
GUY LAPOINTE



The Friday Game

Dad came home early on Friday afternoon. He took off his grey hat and tossed it in the closet. He hung up his overcoat, went into the living room and sat down on the old red sofa. He took off his big black shoes with the shiny toe caps, put his feet up on the table and went to sleep. Dad was a Fuller Brush man. He sold dust mops and pot cleaners to old ladies in hair curlers. It was four-thirty.

Mom came home an hour later. She opened the closet door to hang up her coat, saw Dad's hat on the floor, picked it up, brushed it off and placed it on the shelf over the coats. She went into the living room, sat down on the sofa next to Dad and took off her shoes. She leaned over and whispered into Dad's ear. "Ernie," she said, "take your feet off the table." Then she stood up and went into the kitchen. Mom was a saleslady at Woolworth's. She spent the whole day standing around with little kids' mothers showing them what kind of socks to buy for their sons and which pair of pants was easiest to wash. She bought my pants there at a discount. (I always wanted tight pants with no cuffs, like my friend V had, but she always bought "husky" pants with patches sewn into the knees. They lasted forever but they looked awful.) It was five-thirty.

I came into the kitchen from the backyard where my friend V and I had been digging a hole to China in the garden. (Actually we never expected to get there, we just thought we would dig as deep as we could and see where we ended up.)

"Hi, Mom," I said.

"Jack, go and wake your father for supper."

I woke Dad and he told me that Mom and Mrs. Ferguson were going to the movies to see "Old Yeller." The movie was about a dog who dies. They were taking Mrs. Ferguson's daughter, Kathy. He asked me if I wanted to go. "Aren't we going to the rink?" I asked. He said we would, if I didn't want to go to the movies. I'd rather watch a hockey game than a movie any day, so I said I'd go to the rink with him.

Dad and I went to the rink most Friday nights unless Mom was sick or I was late getting home or something. The same teams played there every week. After a few weeks, I knew a lot of the players when I saw them. Most of them were old guys with jobs and kids and stuff. One of the goalies lived on my paper route. He played for the National Cash Register team. They wore white sweaters with red numbers.

After supper, Dad and I did the dishes and Mom left with Mrs. Ferguson and Kathy. Kathy was sort of pretty and her teeth stuck out in a nice way and she was fun to play with. Dad put the dishes away. He was tall enough to reach the shelves. Then he went out to get his shoes and put on his hat and coat.

Dad took my hand after I gave the man at the door my ticket and we walked down the long corridor under the stands. A wrinkled old man in a blue parka stood against the wall leaning on a broom. There was a pile of

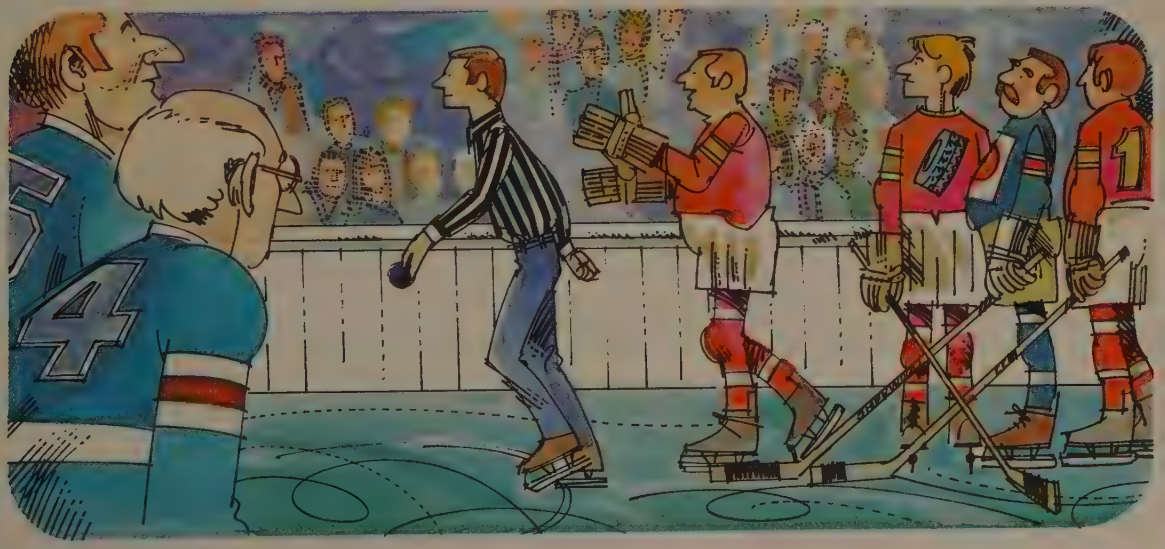
gum wrappers and hockey tape at his feet. Dad said, "Hi, Joe," when we passed him. The old man smiled and said, "How are yuh tonight, Ernie?" His teeth were yellow.

We came to a metre-wide strip of black rubber that stretched across the corridor from a door with a number 1 painted on it, out to the ice. We walked along the rubber to the stairs and climbed up into the stands. The sound of the puck against the boards echoed through the arena, mixed with voices yelling and sticks slapping and skates cutting into the ice like the quick ripping of paper. Dad and I sat down next to a man in a grey overcoat and a brown hat. He had his feet up on the seat in front of him. Dad said, "Hi, Hugh." I turned and sat down to watch the game.

The team on the left was wearing dark brown sweaters with yellow numbers on the back and a yellow tire on the front. They were the Sieberling Tire team. The other team was the Freuhauf Trailer team. They wore blue and white sweaters with a white truck on the front and white numbers on the back. Some of the players wore shiny blue nylon hockey pants with white stripes and some wore black pants with red stripes and others wore green pants with yellow stripes. We were sitting behind the penalty box.

There were two players in the corner kicking at the puck. Two more players fell against them. They kicked at the puck too. The referee blew his whistle. The players kept kicking at the puck. One of the players hit another in the face with his glove. The referee grabbed his arm and pulled him away. The referee said something to the player and skated toward the penalty box. The player followed him. He said, "Come on, Al, we were only fooling around. Come on, Al. Jeez." Then he climbed into the box and shut the door with a bang.

I climbed over the seats to the penalty box and sat down on the railing beside the player. There was steam rising from his hands when he took off his gloves and put them on the



bench beside him. The back of his neck was shiny with sweat. Drops of sweat dribbled off his chin and nose and made his whiskers glisten. He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. He was breathing very fast and his back heaved under the white number on his sweater. He looked down at the floor between his skates and spit.

"You drive one of those?" I asked. I pointed at the front of his sweater.

"Huh?" he grunted between breaths.

"A truck?" I said.

"Nope," he breathed. "Make 'em." He looked back out to the ice. "Pass it up! Up! Up! All right, Teddy, all right!" He didn't say anything else. About a minute later he stood up and looked at the clock. There was a man wearing a grey suit sitting at the end of the penalty bench. He said, "Ten seconds." Then he said "O.K.", and the player jumped over the boards and skated toward the puck.

A player shot the puck at the Sieberling Tire goalie. He caught it and tossed the puck behind the net. Another player tried to pass it ahead but the player who had been in the penalty box stopped it with his skate and shot it toward the goal. A defenceman slammed him against the boards. He broke his stick. The goalie crouched down and moved his head from side to side so he could see between the players' legs. He held his stick in a big glove on his left hand. His stick had a knob of white tape on top of the shaft that was the size of a baseball. He wore his glasses taped to his head with a strip of white tape and he chewed his gum very fast and yelled at the players in front of him. "Bobby! Bobby! Man in front, Bobby!" A player on his team stopped a shot with his hand and let the puck drop to the ice. Then he whacked at the puck and knocked it over the boards into the stands. From the seats higher up a kid ran down the steps, picked up the puck and tossed it onto the ice. He didn't look much

older than me. The referee picked up the broken stick and dropped it over the boards beside me. I climbed over to pick it up. There was still a small blade on it and a wad of tape wrapped around the top. In felt pen lettering below the tape was MURPHY 5. The stick was a Hespeler Mic Mac.

A few minutes later the period ended. I took the stick and climbed up the seats to where Dad sat talking to his friend. "What we need, Ernie, is a plan," said the other man. I decided to go down to the washroom with my hockey stick.

The washroom was under the seats at the far end of the arena. There were concrete steps upside down on the ceiling above the sinks. The floor was red concrete and slippery. The kid I had seen across the ice was there when I opened the door. He had an old stick with him too. I poked at a paper cup with my stick and flicked it to him. He pulled it toward him with his stick and passed it back to me. Then he crouched down like the goalie for the Sieberling Tire team. I took a shot. He slid out across the slippery red floor and grabbed the cup in his hand. He stood up and stick-handled the cup around the floor, faked to his left and took a slap shot that I kicked away with my left foot. Suddenly the door opened, and the man from the penalty box came in. He saw me and winked and said, "Hiya, skeezix," and mussed up my hair. I hate it when people do that, but I didn't say anything. The other kid and I leaned on our sticks until he had left.

We dragged two trash cans in from the hall and used them for goal posts. We found a wad of white tape to use for a puck. The other kid played goal first. I took a shot from the far wall. He caught the puck in his hand and tossed it into the middle of the room. I slapped the puck and it hit his leg and bounced out in front of the goal. I slapped at it again. He slid out from the goal and I fell

across his legs and knocked a garbage can into the wall. He slid the puck across the room, rolled over and stood up while I pulled the can back into place. He took a backhand shot. I slapped the puck off a cubicle door to the other end. He shuffled back slowly to get it, circled and picked up speed as he came towards me. He shot from about three metres away. The puck hit me in the face. I fell down, holding my head and covering my face with my hands, and rolling from side to side. It didn't really hurt but I had to make it look good.

When I stood up we decided to go into the stands to look for pucks. We climbed up the steps to the top of the arena. I had to climb over a rafter that was bolted to the wall and arched over the ice. The players skating around the ice looked far away and the puck was a tiny speck. I walked one way and the kid walked the other way. We met at the opposite end of the arena. "Find any?" I said.

"Nope."

We moved down to the next row of seats and walked around again. I could see Dad down below me still talking with his friends. As I was walking I saw an orange spot under a seat two rows down. I hoped it wasn't just an orange peel and climbed over the seats to see what it was. I found an official NHL puck. I put it in my pocket and ran to the other end of the stands.

"I found one," I shouted.

"Let's see," said the kid.

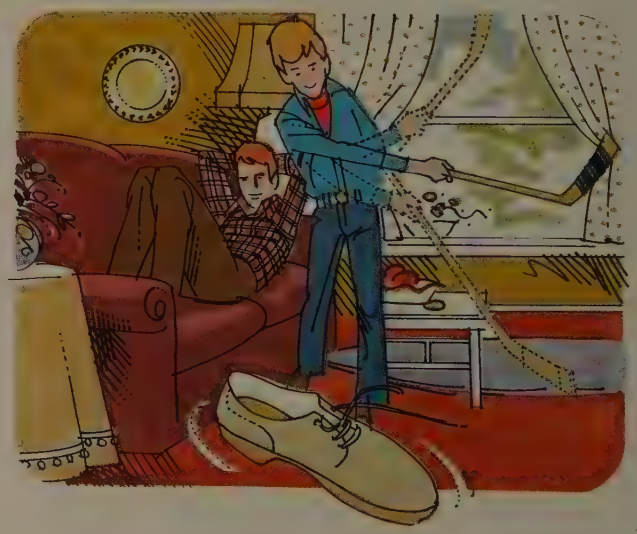
I showed it to him. "Lucky, man," he said.

I sat down beside Dad and showed him my puck. He gave me some popcorn and a glass of pop. It made me burp and the bubbles tingled inside my nose. Dad said, "Well, I think we'll be off now, Hugh. Come on, Rocket." Dad called me that when we went to the hockey games. He knew that the Montreal Canadiens were my favourite team and he told me I looked like Rocket Richard. Actually, I wanted to be Guy Lafleur, but I knew what he meant. Dad's friend still had his feet on the seat in front of him.

When we got home, Mom was still up. She said the movie was fine. I showed her my stick and the puck that I'd found. She said to put them in the basement before I went to bed. "It's after ten, you know."

"I'm not even tired," I said.

Dad had taken off his shoes and was stretched out on the couch. I crouched with the stick and circled slowly. As I turned, I pulled Dad's left shoe towards me and slapped it across the room under a chair. Then I sprawled across the floor to make the save. I lay there for a while before I realized I really was tired. I picked at a piece of fluff beside my head and thought about the goalie's pads. I could have stayed there all night.



Referee Signals

SLASHING

ELBOWING

ITCHY CHEST

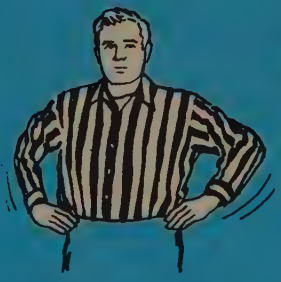
HOLDING

CHARGING

BOARDING

BORED

INTERFERENCE



MISCONDUCT

FORGOT MY HAT

CROSS-CHECKING

HOOKING

ICING

WHO STOLE
MY WALLET

TRIPPING

Floor Hockey

The longest floor hockey game listed in the *Guinness Book of World Records* lasted for 100 hours. But in Etobicoke, Ontario, twenty-four students played an even longer game. It went on for more than 120 hours.

What would inspire anyone to play floor hockey for 120 hours? What would inspire anyone to play floor hockey at all? It could be the informality of the game — (you can play in a gym or any fairly large room with a smooth floor). It could be the novelty of playing a game similar to ice hockey with long, bladeless sticks and a doughnut-shaped puck.

The floor hockey puck is a circular, felt hoop, 20 cm in diameter, with a hole 10 cm across. The stick is 8 cm around, and about 1.3 m long. The floor end of the stick is rounded for safety.

When the game is over, you can easily convert the stick to a broom and help the school janitor sweep the auditorium for the next PTA meeting. If you're hungry after your exertions, just sprinkle a little sugar on the puck or boil if in tomato sauce for a quick snack. Rumour has it that in parts of the Antarctic, boiled floor hockey pucks are considered quite a delicacy.

The first penalty shot in the NHL was taken in 1934. Scotty Bowman took the shot against the Montreal Maroons. He scored.

Hockey Night in Colour

White laces black bootskates
Two bluelines
Red goal posts
White snowspray black sticktape
Blue Leafs and
Red Kelly

Bill White, Black Jack Stewart
St. Louis Blues
Red Wings
White icecold black eye
Losers blue
Redhot goal lights

Netwhite and puckblack
And endblues
And bloodred

Interview with Mr. Puck

This month, *Zap Hockey Magazine*'s interview is with Sylvester R. Puck, founder and president of the Home for Retired Pucks.

With his wife Nora (the former Miss Universe Eraser, 1971) and their two sons, Boots and Bouncer, Mr. Puck resides in the freezer of Peter "Tiny" Bolz. They have lived with Mr. Bolz since January 10, 1974, after Rudy Migay deflected Syl over the boards into the pit of Mr. Bolz's stomach.

Syl is now writing his autobiography, *I Could Have Been A Beach Ball.*

Reporter: Mr. Puck, looking back on your career, is there one event that you remember more than any other?

Puck: That would be in the winter of '67. Yup. Cold year. Real cold. That was the year I was in Moose Jaw playing in the minors. There was this fella, Slapshot Hunt. Well sir, he scored three goals in one game and I'll be goldarned if he didn't pick me up after the game and take me to the Windy Whistle for the post-game celebration. Dang it, he got all snapped up and decided to play a joke on his buddy, Buddy Three. "Buddy," he says, "how about a burger with all the fixings?" Buddy says sure. After all, a free burger is a free burger, even in Moose Jaw. Well, Slapshot goes and gets two hamburgers. But before he gives one to Buddy, he takes out the meat and sticks me in between the buns and sloshes me with mustard and ketchup and onions. I had to take a shower for six days to get all that stuff off me. Ever since then I couldn't roll right. Well sir, Buddy takes me in his big mitts and opens his jaws and chomps down hard right on my left foot. You can still see the marks. Matter of fact, only yesterday my youngest, Bouncer, asked me how I got that hole in my left foot and I had to tell him it was from a slap shot. I mean, how can you tell your kid that you were mistaken for a hamburger? He'd never speak to me again.

Reporter: How did you make it into the pro leagues?

Puck: That's a long story.

Reporter: Make it short.

Puck: Well, things were tough for pucks in Moose Jaw. We used to get lost in snow banks till the chinooks

melted all the snow. One time I spent a month under an old board with a bunch of frozen beetles. It just got to be a big pain. Lousy hours, no pay, and what's worse, no recognition. You take a puck today, he doesn't know how good he's got it ...

Reporter: That's fine Mr. Puck, but if you could answer my question ...

Puck: Question? Oh yeah . . . You know, us pucks are like wrestlers. We get beaten around so much that we get our marbles jarred, know what I mean?

Reporter: You look remarkably fit for your age.

Puck: I'm only ten.

Reporter: How long did you play in the pro leagues?

Puck: Well, let me see now. I came east from Moose Jaw in '69 in the bottom of a duffle bag with the Charlottetown Flyers; they were playing for the Memorial Cup in Toronto. Course I didn't really expect to play. Why, they've got more young pucks in Toronto than they know what to do with. All of them trying for their big break. Pucks from all over come to Toronto. Why, just to practise with the pros is a big thing in Moose Jaw. To make a long story short, they ran out of pucks in this one game because somebody forgot to lock the box and all the pucks ran out the night before and rolled home to Ecuador to see their folks. Looking for their roots, I guess. So Flatbush Eddie says he's got a puck in his duffle bag and he grabs me and there I was. Playing in front of all those people. After that, there was no looking back. I became the official ceremonial puck at Maple Leaf Gardens. I was dropped by the Prime Minister three times. Why, I've been dropped more times than a hot potato.

Reporter: We wish you all the best with your new book, Mr. Puck. Is there any advice you'd like to give to young pucks who would like to follow in your footsteps along the paths of glory to the lofty heights of superpuckdom?

Puck: No.

Reporter: Thank you.

The Road Hockey Hall of Fame

We feel that the unsung heroes and heroines of road hockey have remained unsung long enough. These players, and the souvenirs of their historic feats (and feet), should be known by all serious road hockey fans — and also to those who wonder why street hockey is such a popular pastime.

Sneakers worn by Whizzer Dixon during the spring, summer and fall of 1962. "The Whiz" ran an estimated 1,742 kilometres while playing road hockey at the Moose Jaw Mall. He scored 789 goals during that season, 28 of them after dark.

Notice the teeth marks on the left toe cap. Experts believe these are the imprints of Carl Davidson, who was seen biting Dixon's foot in The Great Pile-Up of August 9. Whizzer Dixon claims they are his own.

Stick found by Beverly "Hud" Clarke under a bench next to the Park Lawn skating rink in March of 1972. "Hud" nailed it together and wrapped it with tape and used it in 237 games. It was finally crushed by Hefty McCullough, who weighed 75 kilograms. After this unfortunate incident, "Hud" used the shaft as a push rod for her go-cart.

Goalie pads worn in Montreal by Igor "Butch" McYakoshev during the famous Jeanne-Mance St. series in the summer of 1973. Constructed from *Weekend Magazines* and copies of *Maclean*'s found near Fletcher's Field, these pads lasted a record-breaking 29 games.

One pad is now 2 cm thinner than the other. The decrease in size occurred on June 22, when a game was held up by rain. While waiting for the rain to stop, Pierre Conté (the left winger) removed a magazine to read. He forgot to return it.

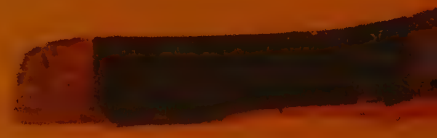
Catcher's mitt used by Dale Sacharuk in goal on September 5, 1975. She made some historic saves during that game, but when her brother Ritchie "The Babe" Sacharuk found out she was using it, he took it back. "The Babe" claimed that a baseball mitt should be used for baseball only — especially *his* mitt.

Dale contested this decision. (See the case of Sacharuk vs Sacharuk, presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Sacharuk for 3 evenings in the kitchen of their home.)

Fruit cans used as goal posts in the Road Hockey Open held yearly on Queen Street during Sault Ste. Marie's Bon-Soo carnival.

Copies available for purchase with lifetime guarantee or 50,000 games (whichever comes first). Filled with high density cement to provide sturdy surprise for the tires of impatient, game-spoiling motorists. Two models: Aylmer Apple Juice (home) and Libby's Tomatoes (visitors).

Bicycle used by Linda "Rabbit" Rowe as her left goalpost in games played by her team, the Moncton Mob. It was driven over (nine consecutive times) after "Rabbit" stalwartly defended her goalposts, refusing to remove them from the path of an irate driver. Her bike is now the season's trophy for the Moncton Road Hockey Championship.



Pictures used with the kind permission of the *Road Hockey Hall of Fame*, Basement, Joe Batt's Warehouse, Streetsville, Ont.

Parking lot, site of the longest road hockey game on record. Located at the corner of Roydon Drive and Faludon Court in Chilliwack, this parking lot was equipped with lights which made night games possible. The longest game was played by Frank and Marion Kasperski, Fauna MacDonald, Doug Allen, Moose Tadman and Walter Gillis (who left at lunch time and never returned).

The game lasted thirteen hours and ended when Mrs. Kasperski dragged her two children home by their ears because they had missed dinner with their aunt and uncle. Mrs. Kasperski told them that they should be ashamed. The last remaining player, Moose Tadman, hung around for another forty-five minutes taking slap shots at the wall until his ball bounced off a rock and disappeared into the darkness. Tadman went home to watch T.V. and returned the next morning to find the ball.

He never did.

From: *Memories of a Worn Out Tennis Ball*
by I.M.A. Bouncer

HOCKEY BITS

A goalie's skates are different from regular skates. They are stronger. The bottom edge of the blade is flatter and wider. The blade has extra prongs.

Goalkeepers are not allowed to be the captain on pro hockey teams.

The only goalkeeper ever to get a goal was Fred Brophy. He scored for Montreal Westmount in 1906.

In 1909, hockey star Didier Pitre signed with the Montreal Nations for $110 per season. In 1972, hockey star Bobby Hull signed with the Winnipeg Jets for $275,000 per season.

Several hockey players have become members of parliament in Ottawa, including Howie Meeker, Lionel Conacher and Red Kelly.

A player scores a "hat trick" when he gets three goals in one game. The saying comes from the early game of cricket. When a cricket bowler took three straight wickets, he was presented with a new hat.

A recent survey shows that about 70% of all professional hockey players lose at least one tooth playing the game.

Late in a 1964 Stanley Cup game, Toronto's Bob Baun was carried off the ice on a stretcher. Everyone suspected he was badly hurt, but Baun refused X-rays. He returned in the overtime period to score the winning goal. The Leafs won the series and Baun was named a star. When X-rays were taken, they showed Bob Baun had been playing with a broken leg.

At 2:25 one morning in the 1936 playoffs, the Detroit Red Wings scored the only goal of the game against the Montreal Maroons. They won 1-0 after over 176 minutes of play. That's almost the same as three full regular games. "Mud" Bruneteau, who scored the winner, was asked for a comment after this longest of all games. He replied, "I'm plain pooped!"

Mel Hill won a strange nickname in the 1938 playoffs. He scored three game-winning, overtime goals in one series. Ever after he was known as "Sudden Death" Hill.

Bernie Geoffrion was called "Boom Boom" because of his shot. It was the hardest ever seen and when it hit the boards, the loud booming sound echoed throughout the arena.

Foster Hewitt is the Voice of Hockey for hundreds of thousands of people. He began broadcasting games in 1923. For over 50 years, he called the play-by-play of hockey games on radio and TV. No other person has come close to this record.

Big league teams use as many as 4000 sticks every season. The sticks cost between $7 and $10.

The first ice hockey games were played over a century ago on frozen ponds, lakes and rivers. Rules were quite loose. The number of players allowed depended on only two things — the number that showed up, and the thickness of the ice. Many early games involved more than a hundred players. They ended when one team scored three goals, or when the players got tired, or when the sun went down or when somebody crashed through the ice.

An early Stanley Cup contest involved Montreal and Winnipeg. Referee J.A. Findlay called a penalty against Montreal. An argument erupted. Several players said nasty things to the referee. Mr. Findlay went home. The game was never finished.

Between 1903 and 1905, the Stanley Cup was won three times in a row by a team from Ottawa known as the Silver Seven. This amazing team, led by Frank McGee, set scoring records that still stand today. These include the record for most goals in one game, being 23, set on January 16, 1905. The Silver Seven were named after the old seven positions of hockey: left wing, centre, right wing, rover, point, cover point and goaler.

In 1954 Marguerite Norris of the Detroit Red Wings became the first woman president of an NHL hockey club.

The annual major hockey competition in Australia is played for a trophy called The Good Old Cup. It has been awarded since 1903 and is the second oldest trophy still competed for in the world.

THE SECOND PERIOD WAS DYING FAST WITH THE GAME SCORELESS. DANNY WILLIAMS FELT WEAK AND VERY STUPID. HIS LEGS FELT RUBBERY, BEYOND HIS CONTROL. ALL HIS SPEED WAS GONE. LATELY WHEN THE OPPOSITION APPLIED PRESSURE HE FOLDED.

RED LINE REBEL

TOO SLOW AGAIN. I'M RUNNING TRUE TO FORM.

I'M JUST A FINE WEATHER PLAYER. SOON AS THE GOING GETS TOUGH, WHAM I QUIT! WHY CAN'T I STAY IN THERE AND FINISH A GAME? UH OH, THE COACH IS SHAKING HIS HEAD.

OKAY FELLAS, OUT YOU GO!

WISH I KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH WILLIAMS.

THE TEMPO OF THE GAME WAS SLOWING DOWN AT AN ALARMING RATE. DANNY FELT THE COLOUR RISING IN HIS FACE. HE WATCHED AS THE SECOND STRING SKATED AROUND IN UTTER DESPERATION, TRYING TO OUTSMART THE WIGHAM PLAYERS.

IT'S ALL MY FAULT! SOME TEAM CAPTAIN I MAKE. NO FIGHT, NO LEADERSHIP. THEY CAN'T COPE. THEY'RE TRYING TO DO WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE WITH MY LINE. HOW LONG CAN THEY HOLD WIGHAM?

THAT TEARS IT. WE DON'T HAVE A HOPE NOW. I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

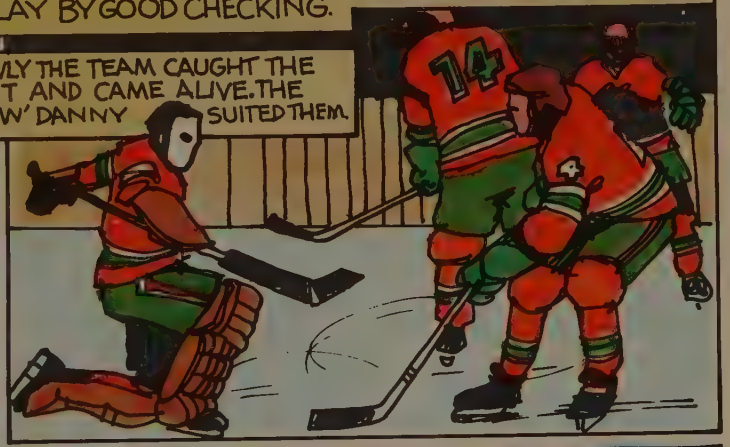
WHATS WRONG WITH ME ANYWAY? I HAVE TO FACE THE TRUTH, I'M AFRAID TO BODYCHECK. SURE I CAN SKATE FAST, I'M AFRAID OF GETTING HURT. OKAY SO MAYBE ALL I NEED IS CONFIDENCE. SO MAYBE I CAN DEVELOP THAT. I'LL GIVE MYSELF ONE MORE CHANCE.

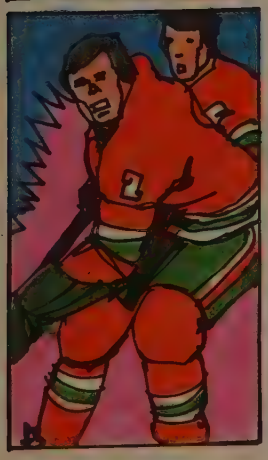
HE WAS AWARE OF THE COACH'S PRESENCE EVEN BEFORE THE MAN WAS IN THE ROOM. NOT A WORD WAS SPOKEN.

THAT NIGHT WAS A SLEEPLESS ONE. DANNY LAY IN BED AND TRIED TO FIGURE OUT WAYS AND MEANS OF HELPING HIMSELF.

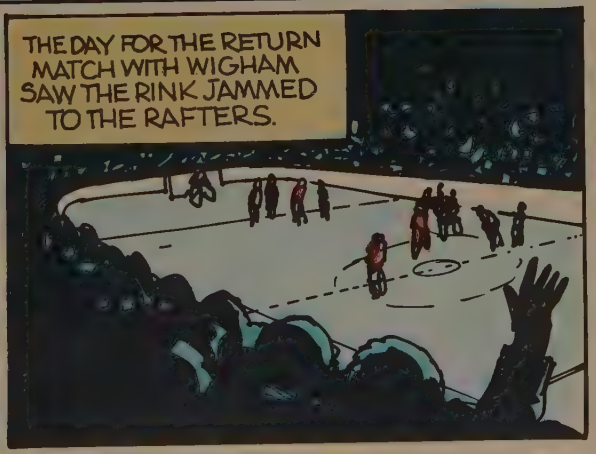
THE NEXT DAY HE TURNED UP FOR PRACTICE AND WAS THE FIRST PLAYER TO HIT THE ICE. HE FELT CURIOUS STARES AND DIDN'T CARE. HE PLAYED HARD AND FOR THE FIRST TIME SHOCKED HIS MATES BY FORCING THE PLAY BY GOOD CHECKING.

SLOWLY THE TEAM CAUGHT THE SPIRIT AND CAME ALIVE. THE 'NEW' DANNY SUITED THEM.





THE DAY FOR THE RETURN MATCH WITH WIGHAM SAW THE RINK JAMMED TO THE RAFTERS.



ON THE FACE OFF, DANNY SNARED THE PUCK AND SLAMMED A PASS TO ROY. IN DOING SO HE THREW A CHECK THAT SPUN THE WIGHAM CENTRE ACROSS THE ICE!
ROY PASSED TO DANNY.
DANNY FLIPPED A PASS BACK TO ROY.
ROY CAME IN AND— FIRST GOAL TO HILLYER HIGH!
THEY CAN'T QUIT NOW. THEY MUSTN'T
THE SECOND PERIOD WAS ROUGH AND SCORELESS. WIGHAM CHECKED DANNY EVERY CHANCE THEY GOT. DANNY CHECKED BACK! IN THE THIRD PERIOD, DANNY WATCHED WITH ALARM AS HIS TEAMMATES SLOWED DOWN, FALTERED, MISSED PASSES, AND FOULED UP PLAYS.
RECKLESSLY DANNY TORE IN AND CAPTURED THE PUCK.
A BACK-PASS TO ROY.
A FUMBLE... WIGHAM RECOVERS AND
THE SCORE WAS TIED!

WITH ONLY A MINUTE TO PLAY, DANNY TORE UP THE ICE, HE HELD HIS STICK CLOSE AND NURSED THE PUCK. THE WIGHAM DEFENCE LOOKED LIKE A BRICK WALL. HE INCREASED SPEED THEN...
FLIPPED A PASS TO ROY...CAUGHT THE SIZZLING RETURN,
FAKED TO THE RIGHT AND SLAMMED THE PUCK INTO THE LEFT-HAND CORNER...
AND IN!
WE DID IT! HILLYER WINS!
GREAT GAME DANNY. ONE THING'S FOR SURE, YOU'RE NO QUITTER.

Hockey no longer needs to be a seasonal sport. When winter is over, you can turn to table hockey to fill those long days of sunshine and heat with hours of fun. In fact, with the exciting variety of table games available, hockey can continue the whole year through. All in the comfort of your own home.

Hand-Me-Down Game
Precision crafted to look old and battered, this table hockey game will give you hours of nervous pleasure. Bite your nails as the specially designed knobs jam and fall off at critical moments! Pick the flaky paint off the players' 100% tin bodies on rainy Sunday afternoons! Comes with scotch tape to hold the boards together, and a rule book with pages 5-8 missing.

$6.95

Mike Nelson's Underwater Shinny Game
For those of you who enjoy water sports, here's a game that combines all the excitement and speed of hockey with the flora and fauna of the deep. Each player resembles a real underwater creature! You'll jump for joy when Bobby Bluefish slaps the puck past Jacques the Squid! When you're not playing hockey, you can use this nifty little number for a washing machine!
Comes equipped with water pump and beach ball.

$54.95

Canada-Russia International Hockey Game
This tricky game is equipped with only one set of handles. You have to toss the dice to decide fair and square which team has the advantage in each game. Complete with its own set of rules, 589 pages long! You receive four flags — two for each side — and authentic advertisements that you can paste on the boards yourself! But the fun really begins when you memorize the Twelve Easy Insults of each language and hurl them at your opponent. Or just hurl the rule book — it weighs three kilograms!

$22.95 or
17 kopeks

Life-Size Table Hockey
This one's especially good for parties that need an extra something. It's so easy to play, even grandma will want to join in the fun! Just hook twelve of your friends on the posts and away you go! Feel like you're really skating as the two players slide you back and forth in your slots. Precision-made so that you come so close to your opponents you can mess up their hair.
Authentic sound effects of screaming fans are optional at a small extra cost.

$1,986.95

Old-Timer's Game
Ask mom and dad to play with you so they can tell you about the good old days of hockey while urging their six faded stars on to victory! Each player comes equipped with its own two-hour tape of old stories and memories, to be played after the game is over. Guaranteed to bridge the generation gap

$39.95

Winter Sketch

At night the neighbourhood rink
Becomes a compartment of motion
With the twinkle and slash of skates
And the whack of wood on hard rubber.

A Day In the Life

Jack Paulsen is taking time out from hockey practice to bandage yet another blister on his foot. Paulsen's feet are ugly. He earns $125,000 a season, drives a Cadillac, and is on his way to stardom. His wife is beautiful and his young son is handsome. But his feet are a mess.

He has corns, blisters, cracks in his feet. Because he doesn't wear socks in his skates, his feet are blotched with blue patches. His feet look like a disaster area.

"I haven't worn socks since midget hockey," Paulsen explains. "I was playing midget in Lethbridge and my skates were worn out. There were seven kids in my family so we didn't get many new skates. My friend outgrew his skates and I was glad to have them, though they were too small. I could get them on if I didn't wear socks and I got into the habit then."

Off-duty policemen play a morning hockey game at the rink, then watch the pro team workout. Kids from a nearby school hang around outside close to the doors, waiting for autographs.

One boy of about thirteen is standing inside. A bit nervously, he shouts the players' names, greeting them like old friends.

"Hi Jack," the boy yells. Paulsen smiles and waves. The goalie slaps the boy's back and says: "Hi, old buddy, haven't seen you in ages, how ya been?" The boy looks towards the door, a big grin on his face, to see if the other guys have noticed.

Two views of the famous feet!

A small sign tacked to the front door reads: "No more autographed pictures here. Please contact the arena."

"Word got around that this is Jack's house and the kids were always at the door," Jack's wife Carol says. "We don't mind giving out pictures but it became a nuisance when the doorbell started ringing every five minutes. The sign out there helped."

"Word-of-mouth advertising," Paulsen explains. "Give one kid a picture and he tells twenty friends. When parents started driving their kids to the house to ask for pictures, it was too much."

Carol says that Jack usually leaves hockey problems at the rink, although a slump often follows him home.

"Jack is usually pretty easy-going but he takes a long time to wind down after a game," she explains. "If something is really bothering him, we're able to talk it out. Mostly, he's a pretty relaxed guy."

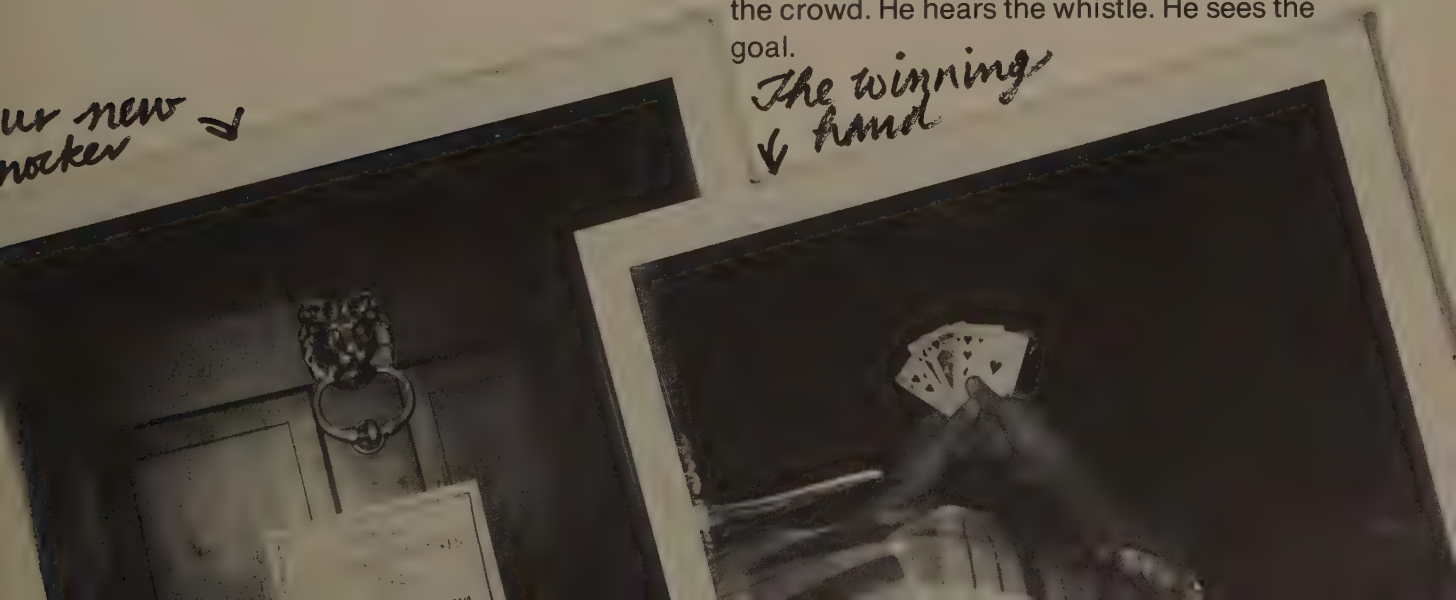
Paulsen rides to the airport with the team's goalie for a 6 P.M. flight to Vancouver.He carries a small bag with pyjamas and shaving kit. On the way, they pick up three other guys from the team.

Seating plans on the team's charter flights seldom change — management and media people sit up at the front, then there's a gap of seats back to the players. Euchre and backgammon are popular in-flight games now.

Paulsen, the goalie, and two other guys continue their season-long euchre game. "You know we have more country guys now by all the euchre," Paulsen says. "City guys play bridge; small-town boys are euchre men all the way."

Paulsen checks his sticks, stands at rink-side for several minutes, then dresses slowly and deliberately for the game. Between each piece of equipment, he stares at the floor, detached from the hum around him. He finishes and walks to the ice with the team. His heart is pounding. He senses the roar of the crowd. He hears the whistle. He sees the goal.

Ed monitors Leon



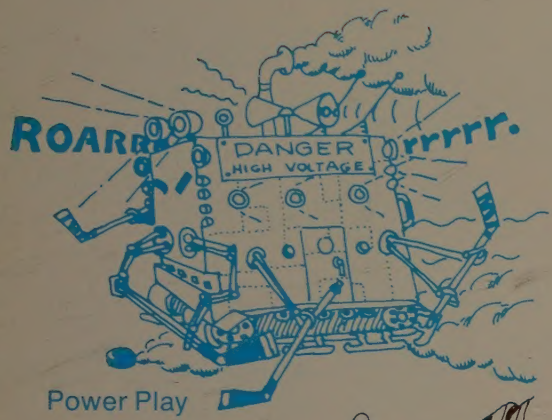
FACEOFF

Face to face
they lean
at centre ice,
sticks poised,
bodies cocked.

eyes lowered,
concentrating
on the puck
that isn't there
but will be.

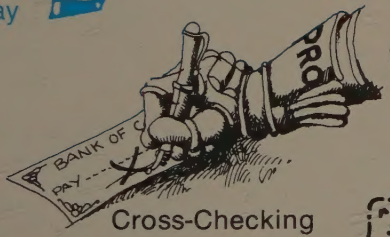
Silence, then
a sudden jerk.
Sticks flash,
connect, a shot —
they're off.

HENRI HOQUET'S HOCKEY GLOSSARY

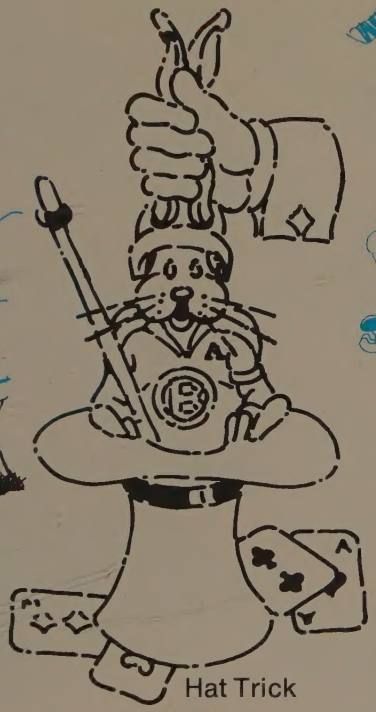


Power Play

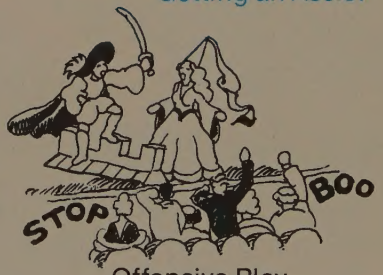
Getting an Assist



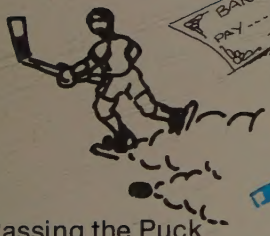
Cross-Checking



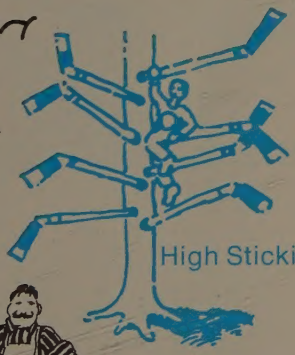
Hat Trick



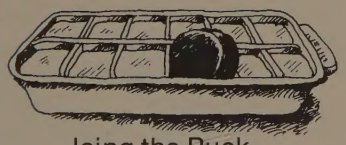
Offensive Play



Passing the Puck



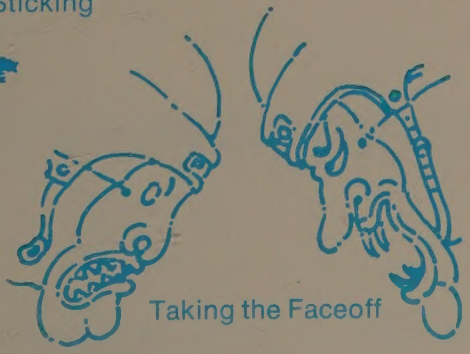
High Sticking



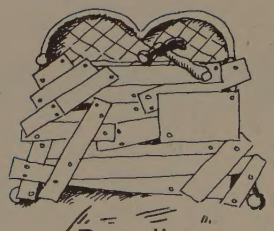
Icing the Puck

Delayed Penalty

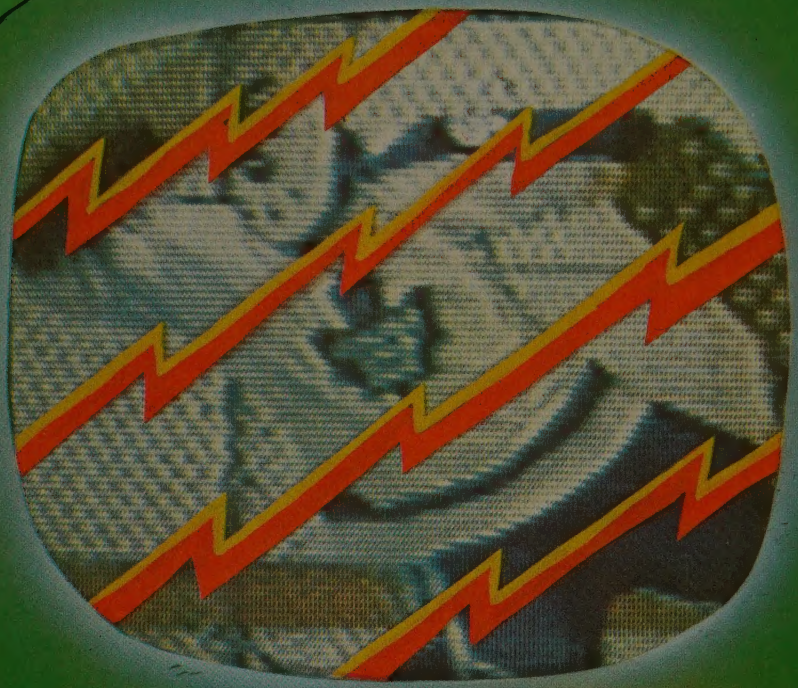
Goaltender



Taking the Faceoff



Boarding



Watching Hockey

Vision channeled,
the viewer sits
armchaired.
Images of hockey
flash alive
across the
screen, across
the wall, across
the viewer watching,
knees crossed.

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